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THE DECENT WIDDIE WUMMAN.

I WAS born in aughteen twenty,
 An' I wad fain aquaint ye
 How things appears
 Wi' changing years
 Tae decent folk like me.
 An' the thing that maist impresses me,
 That positive distresses me,
 It's the lassies' ways,
 Which nooadays
 Is dreadfu' for tae see.

Chorus.

For I'm a decent wumman,
 A decent widdie wumman,
 An' I think it's no becomin'
 Their manners is that free.
 Their conduct' wad amaze ye,
 Ye'd think they're a' gone crazy,
 For what they say and what they dae
 Is extraordinar' tae me !

Weel firstly I'm no carin'
 For the kind o' things they're wearin',
 Wi' their sailor's hats
 An' men's cravats
 An' shirts an' collars tae ;
 I think 'twixt me and you, sirs,
 They'll sune be wearin' troosers ;
 But the girl I met
 Wi' the cigarette
 Was the worst o' a' I say.

Chorus.

Ye'll see the limmers playin'
 At gouf, instead o' stayin'
 An' sittin'
 Wi' their knitten'
 Like ladies, i' the room.
 But the way they ape the men is
 Maist observable at tennis,
 It's "deuce" they ca'
 At ilka ba' —
 It fills ma soul wi' gloom.

Chorus.

Then a' they learn them's statics,
 Or French, or mathematics ;
 For at college
 Usefu' knowledge
 Doesna' seem to be the rule.
 They're leavin' cakes an' griddles
 Tae get scrapin' on their fiddles —
 We didna speak
 That heathen Greek
 When I was at the skule.

Chorus.

There's ithers wha's ambeeshuns
 Wad mak' them politeeshuns,
 An' they're seekin'
 Tae get speakin',

Ay, an' votin', void o' shame.
 They'll be rinnin' tae the meetin'
 An' leave the bairns a' greetin',
 An' ilka fule
 Maun hae Hame Rule
 That canna rule at hame !

Chorus.

Ma hairt it's fairly scunnert
 Tae think o' nineteen hunnert,
 They'll be choosin'
 An' refusin'
 Baith in merrige an' in law.
 At elections a' the threep 'll
 Be "the lassies," no "the people,"
 They'll ootnumner
 An' encumner
 Things, as losh ! ye never saw.

Chorus.

But I'm a simple wumman,
 A simple widdie wumman,
 An' the gulf tae which they're comin'
 'Tis mair nor I can say.
 There'll be nae men ava,
 They'll a' be hidden awa,
 An' womankind
 Be left behind
 Tae gang their wilfu' way !
 A. M. C. COWAN,
 Longman's Magazine. W. A. RAMSAY.

BALLADE OF WORLDLY WEALTH.

MONEY taketh town and wall,
 Fort and ramp without a blow ;
 Money moves the merchants all,
 While the tides shall ebb and flow ;
 Money maketh evil show
 Like the good, and truth like lies ;
 These alone can ne'er bestow
 Youth, and health, and Paradise.
 Money maketh festival,
 Wine she buys, and beds can strow ;
 Round the necks of captains tall,
 Money wins them chains to throw,
 Marches soldiers to and fro,
 Gaineth ladies with sweet eyes ;
 These alone can ne'er bestow
 Youth, and health, and Paradise.
 Money wins the priest his stall ;
 Money mitres buys, I trow,
 Red hats for the cardinal,
 Abbeys for the novice low ;
 Money maketh sin as snow,
 Place of penitence supplies ;
 These alone can ne'er bestow
 Youth, and health, and Paradise.

ANDREW LANG.

From The Contemporary Review.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE.

BY LIEUT. COL. ELSDALE.

AN able writer, Mr. Pearson, has recently observed in his work, "National Progress and National Character," that few or no further leading discoveries or new departures in physical or mechanical science are to be expected; that future generations have now only to fill in the details and to supplement what has already been done.

I cannot agree with him. We must not thus set limits to the inventiveness of mankind. The well-known epithet *περιφραδής ὄντιρ* will justify itself in the future as in the past. Nor can we set arbitrary bounds to the inexhaustible secrets of nature, and to the importance of the new arrangements and fresh combinations which are open to further research into them. An ever larger and larger number of fertile brains are continually at work in discovery and invention, as is clearly shown by the most cursory study of the annual publications of any of the various State patent offices. And these fresh brains start from an ever-widening vantage ground of accumulated research and proved experience. The result must surely be that important inventions and new discoveries will crowd thicker upon the world in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century. I think that we have now looming before us in the immediate future, darkly, no doubt, but still very distinctly, leading discoveries in science which will constitute new departures fully as large as, if not larger than, those which have resulted from, let us say, the introduction of railways or telegraphs in the past. Their number may possibly be legion. I propose here to confine myself to the consideration of four leading problems, some, if not all, of which seem practically certain of solution in the next generation, if not in our own. And their solution will involve results of enormous and almost incalculable importance to the future of mankind.

I.

THE conquest of the air is the first of them. Aërial navigation has been the dream of enterprising and inventive men in all the ages, and that dream is now drawing near to its realization.

The invention of balloons has no doubt given some impetus to the study of the subject, and navigable balloons of increasing speed and importance are at this moment being made on the Continent. Thus, the latest improved machine now under construction for the French War Office is expected to obtain a speed of forty kilometres, or nearly twenty-five miles, an hour. The navigable balloon, however, at its best, will, on a broad view, provide nothing more than a convenient stepping-stone or intermediate stage, to pave the way for the flying-machine proper, which will certainly follow and supersede it in the future. Meanwhile, unless some bold inventor should bring forward speedily a true flying-machine, we may expect to see successive modifications in, or progressive forms of, navigable balloons introducing the principle of the flying-machine proper gradually and tentatively.

Thus, whereas at present all the weight is sustained by the balloon, in future models the greater part of the weight only will probably be gas-sustained, and the rest of the lifting power, and necessary changes of elevation, will be provided for by the lifting action of air screws. By and by the air screw, or air propulsion in some form, will predominate. The balloon will be first reduced to an auxiliary appliance, and then laid aside altogether. The result, of course, of its final rejection will be an immense gain in a greatly diminished resistance and a corresponding increase in speed and power.

When first it became my duty to study this subject, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, the flying-machine proper was a demonstrable impossibility, in the then condition of mechanical science. Since that time the problem has been attacked, and its great acknowledged difficulties steadily minimized, from three different quarters

simultaneously. The net result has been to reduce it to far more moderate and manageable dimensions; and if a corresponding rate of progress is to be maintained for another thirteen or fourteen years, this great problem is morally certain of solution.

I do not propose here to consider the subject in any detail, or to give any figures or calculations upon it, but rather to confine myself to such observations on its leading conditions as are necessary to explain and support the above statement, and to indicate generally our present position on the whole question.

The problem of aerial navigation by flying-machines hinges primarily, of course, on the ratio of power developed by, to weight involved in, the motor. Only thirteen years ago, that ratio was simply prohibitory. Any competent mechanical engineer who considered the matter could have no difficulty in concluding that it was then practically impossible to make a motor, on any large and safe-working scale, which would lift its own weight, much less the weight of a heavy passenger-carrying machine and passengers as well. Since that date a large progress has been achieved, and motors can now be made which, for the same weight, will give a greatly increased power. One of the latest new departures in this line is the motor which Mr. Hiram Maxim has worked out for his flying-machine. I have had the privilege of inspecting it, and can certify that, whatever be the merits or ultimate success of the machine generally, it is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, and the motor especially develops an extraordinary and unprecedented amount of power for weight carried.

Side by side with this great increase of power in the motors, and of equal importance perhaps in its bearing on the general question, we must next consider the great fall in the price of aluminium, together with the progress which has been made in the study of its valuable alloys, such as the alloy with about five per cent. of copper.

Within my recollection the price of

aluminium has fallen from a guinea to about two shillings the ounce weight. A very moderate further fall in price — far less than the above great and recent fall of ninety per cent. — and a little further corresponding progress in the study of the nature and properties of these alloys, will cause aluminium alloys to drive steel out of the market for many important engineering purposes, such as the construction of bridges of wide span. And the new metals will be of cardinal importance to aerial navigation, as they are the material upon which we must rely for the construction of the flying-machines of the future.

The third direction in which very important progress has been achieved recently is the theoretical and practical study of the conditions which govern the resistance of the air, and determine the laws of flight or locomotion, as well as of suspension therein. The resistance of the air is the one all-sufficient fulcrum or basis on which every flying-machine must rely. In the investigation of its laws something has been done by the study of the flight of birds, and the analysis of the results of instantaneous photographs of them, especially by modern French writers. For the laws which govern the flight of birds must, *mutatis mutandis* — that is, in principle — apply to all aerial locomotion. Hence, in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" we see progress on the subject. Thus we find therein an instructive table, showing clearly that, contrary to many people's ideas upon the subject, the sustaining or wing area in all flying bodies in nature increases in a much less proportion than the increased weight to be carried. For the swallow or the sparrow has a much less proportionate area of wing than the fly, the gnat, or the beetle; and the vulture or wild swan a much less area than the swallow. This is an important fundamental fact in aerial navigation, as showing that the flying-machine of the future can be made of very moderate dimensions. But by far the most useful progress in this direction has been

made by Professor Langley in his excellent "Experiments in Aërodynamics," wherein he may fairly be said to have laid down, for the first time, a really sound and reliable scientific basis for the study of aërial locomotion by a series of careful experiments and well-reasoned deductions from them. We may note with pleasure that Professor Langley is reported to be now engaged upon a model aërial machine on a working scale. Whatever its ultimate measure of success, his new experiments with it cannot fail to advance the cause of aërial navigation another stage.

I repeat that the net result of modern progress in these three directions — the study of the governing conditions of the work to be done, the increase in the power of the motor necessary for doing it, and the decrease in its amount, or in the weights to be lifted — has been to bring the problem of aërial locomotion well within the range of practical men. What is now required is that the field of research and experiment should no longer be left to unpractical enthusiasts, as for the most part it has been of yore. It is high time that really competent and well-informed mechanical engineers should follow the example of Mr. Maxim and Professor Langley by turning their attention to the subject. Once let this be done, and I am satisfied that the problem will be in a fair way of solution, and cannot fail ultimately of a satisfactory issue. Nevertheless, after some considerable study of the question, I have a persuasion amounting to a conviction that whatever partial or temporary success may attend all such machines as Mr. Maxim's, which depend upon locomotion through the air for sustaining power in it, the ultimate solution of the problem will be something different. That is, I believe that a really safe, workable, and reliable flying-machine must be based upon the principle of dissociating the stable vertical suspension in the air, if required, from horizontal locomotion through it. Such a machine must be capable of rising ver-

tically in the air in a dead calm, and remaining suspended in it, as apart from, or in addition to, any question of horizontal locomotion through the air. Moreover, it must be so constructed that no possible break down or failure in any engine, or in any part of the gear, will endanger the lives of the passengers. But these conditions will no doubt involve a considerable further reduction in the ratio of weight carried to power developed in the motor, and for this we must be content to await the further progress of science.

Once let this vital issue of stable suspension in the air be satisfactorily achieved in a really sound, safe, and reliable way, and the consequences which will follow from the new departure are enormous and incalculable. Locomotion through the air, as straight as an arrow from a bow, and at a hitherto unheard-of rate of speed, will immediately and easily follow, and the resulting machine is bound for light transport to distance all competition in locomotion whether by land or by sea. For one of the special and leading advantages attaching to aërial, as opposed to all ordinary locomotion at present, is that increased speed will not involve a great and disproportionate increase of power as it does now. It is perfectly well known to every marine engineer, and to every well-informed man everywhere, that an enormous increase of power is necessary to gain a very moderate increase of speed in ocean navigation. Thus, if a steamer with a given horse-power will run at, say fourteen knots an hour, if we double that horse-power we may only succeed in driving her some sixteen knots more or less — that is, the doubling of the horse-power will only give us one-seventh additional increase in speed. But in aërial locomotion the conditions are radically different, and the gain is all the other way. Thus, if a flying-machine with a given horse-power will run at, say fifty miles an hour, with less than double that horse-power it will be likely to run one hundred miles, so that the increased power required for doubling the speed is most moder-

ate, instead of being enormous and prohibitory as it would be in water transport.

The *aërial* navigation of the future will not only be much swifter and more direct, being in a straight course over moor, mountain or bog, wood, ravine or river, but it will also be much safer than our ordinary locomotion by railway and steamer at present. For as the traffic on our railways and steamboats steadily increases, the risk of accident on the crowded lines and ocean thoroughfares, due to a set of objects all moving in one horizontal plane, increases continually, as we are already finding out in many a disastrous collision. But once let this problem of stable suspension in the air be satisfactorily solved, and we shall cut off at a stroke a whole host of causes and possible contingencies which now inevitably involve continual risk of accident. For the flying-machine of the future will travel directly and independently through the air from point to point. It will incur no risks from drowsy or overworked signalmen, from inevitable imperfections in or obstructions upon the permanent way, from chances and contingencies due to the running of excursion trains or extra traffic, from icebergs, or floating hulks, rocks, shoals, treacherous currents, unreliable compasses, or other hindrances to safe navigation. If it meet or overtake a fellow-machine in the air, it has the whole wide ocean of air above or below it in which to pass in safety, besides an unlimited field on either hand. An endless number of external sources of accident will be eliminated. Once let the flying-machine be stable, strong, safe, and powerful enough for its work, and it will represent the safest kind of locomotion ever invented.

It will compete with the railways for light traffic, such as the transport of mails, on terms which must apparently confer an overwhelming advantage. Thus, if we roughly set the cost of the stations along one hundred miles of our English railways, and the cost, working, maintenance, and renewal of the *aërial* machines against the corre-

sponding charges for engines, rolling stock, and working expenses on the line, we have the following advantages to score to the *aërial* line :—

Annual interest at, say, 5 per cent. on the first cost of 100 miles of line at £30,000 a mile, which has been about the average cost of construction of English railways . . .	£195,000
Annual charge for maintenance or renewal of the permanent way, at £231 per mile . .	23,100
	£218,100

This shows that in aid of the maintenance and working of one hundred miles of *aërial* line, or as increased dividends to the shareholders, there will be an annual subsidy of more than £200,000 representing the saving on the cost of a corresponding length of railway. It will be seen that the gain is so great that it is scarcely credible that any possible increase in the working expenses of the *aërial* line, as compared with the corresponding charges on the railway, could swallow it up.

The revolution made in locomotion by the flying-machine, whereby we shall be able to run from London to New York in, perhaps, from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, and from London to Paris and back between breakfast and luncheon, will be at least as great as that caused recently by the introduction of railways and steam navigation.

I cannot go into the principles of construction of these *aërial* machines further than to say, as I have already said elsewhere in a professional publication, that they will probably be of very moderate size, much less than the huge navigable balloon for military purposes, for which they will be most valuable, and will be speedily adopted. For ordinary or civil purposes also they will no doubt be small at first, but it is impossible to set limits to their future development. The web, or superposed webs, of *aëroplane*, part steadying, part sustaining, which will be their leading external feature, will be inclined during flight at a very small angle with the horizontal, probably not more than $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ or $1\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$. Inside this, or below it there

will be a long, low car, presenting a minimum surface to the air, in which passengers, light baggage, or mails will be carried. And the machines will run, as above, at a tremendous pace, probably up to, even exceeding, one hundred miles an hour.

Finally, I repeat that if anything like the same rate of progress is to be maintained during the next ten or fifteen years as has actually been made during the last ten or fifteen years, the problem of aerial navigation by flying-machines, which ten years ago was demonstrably insuperable, in the then condition of mechanics, and which at present is very difficult, if not altogether impossible, will soon be comparatively easy, and will be morally certain of solution.

II.

A WISE man of old, in naming three things which puzzle him, has associated together "the way of a fish in the sea" and "the way of a fowl in the air." It is here proposed to follow his example, and, having disposed of the way of the fowl in the air, in discussing the question of aerial navigation, to consider next whether any important new departures are not possible and even probable in marine locomotion. I believe they are quite possible and probable, whether in the immediate or in the more remote future. Any revolution which may be effected in this direction will not be as startling and wonder-provoking as the conquest of the air. Nevertheless, such a future conquest of the water, as we may perhaps call it, may prove ultimately to be of very great importance.

I believe, then, that a practical revolution in marine navigation is possible, if only we will set ourselves, with the wise man of old, to study the way of the fish in the sea. With all possible respect to the numerous professors and students, and innumerable practical men, engaged in marine engineering and marine locomotion generally, I would venture to challenge them to consider carefully whether they are not all, in the main, on the wrong tack.

They are, one and all, so far as appears by a study of all the publications, as the *Engineer*, *Engineering*, the *Scientific American*, etc., setting themselves steadily to gain increased speed by a continual development of the locomotive power. Successive improvements in engines, boilers, screws, economy of fuel, and so on, are all very desirable in their way, no doubt. But these things seem to me unduly to monopolize attention to the exclusion of the one vital problem which appears to contain the key to the whole question — namely, the diminishing of fluid resistance. At present, as we increase the propulsive power continually, we are continually piling up extra resistance to meet and swallow it up. I repeat, that any great further progress in ocean navigation is to be sought and obtained by a careful and scientific study of the way of the fish in the sea.

The subject of fluid resistance, as the leading and governing factor in all water propulsion, may probably be novel to most readers, since, if the question has ever been publicly discussed at all, it has been in naval or other special publications. It seems necessary, therefore, to rehearse the matter briefly from the beginning.

Years ago I was informed by Mr. Brennan, the inventor of the well-known torpedo, that he applied no less than one hundred horse-power to drive his torpedo at its then speed, say, probably at about twenty-four knots an hour, or twenty-five at the outside. Now, this torpedo is well designed to the eye, and was adapted, to the best of the judgment of a clever inventor, for fluid propulsion. It is, or then was, no larger than a good-sized porpoise, or, say, a very moderate-sized shark. But any one who, on an ocean voyage, has watched a school of porpoises playing round an Atlantic liner, will agree with me that they experience no difficulty whatever in swimming at such a pace as this, and in keeping it up apparently for an indefinite length of time.

If now we turn to any professor of physiology, and ask him what power a

porpoise or a small shark of about the same size as the torpedo, can reasonably be expected to develop and maintain, he will probably tell us one-horse power; or, if he were disposed to be liberal, he might perhaps say two. Anyway, whatever be the exact expenditure of force in the propulsion of the porpoise, for which I have no data, and do not stop to argue, it is clear that if it were to develop anything in the remotest degree approaching to the power required to drive the torpedo at the same speed, it would quickly be reduced to impotence. It would rapidly burn up and consume the tissues of its body in such an immense production of energy, and in a few minutes we should see it floating on the water an inert and lifeless mass, instead of sporting about as lively as ever, as we actually do see it. Now whence comes this enormous difference in the power required to propel the porpoise and the torpedo at the same speed? The answer to this question contains, as I submit, the true and proper line of development of the marine engineering of the future.

No doubt we shall be told at once that steamships cannot imitate the movements of the porpoise, that his motion is a question of fluid displacement, and "stream line" action or effect, due to the sinuous inflections of his body, and of his tail especially. This is partly true, and it is not here contended that we can make ships with flexible backbones like a fish, and give them a fish-like motion. Nevertheless, it appears probable, if not certain, that the main and essential cause of the enormous waste of power at present attaching to man's work, the ship, or the torpedo, when compared with nature's work, the porpoise or the shark, is surface or skin friction.

That skin friction is the leading agent in rendering necessary the immense power required to propel ocean steamers or battle-ships through the water, is clearly recognized by the chief authorities on the subject, such as Mr. White in his standard work on naval architecture. Herein he only follows on the

principles which were first, I think, formulated by the elder Mr. Froude, late investigator of marine problems to the British Admiralty, in a paper read many years ago at a meeting of the British Association at Bristol. In order to clear away a prevailing misconception, or popular error, which quite vitiates any sound argument on this whole subject, it seems necessary to refer to Mr. Froude's paper. Therein he demonstrated that the idea that the resistance to motion of a body through water is to be measured by "head" resistance, or the resistance of its cross section, to passage through the water, is baseless and mistaken. There is really no such thing as head resistance, so that if a fairly well-designed body, such as a torpedo, were entirely immersed in a perfect fluid, and started in motion at any given speed, it would, if there were no surface friction, continue to move uniformly in a straight line *ad infinitum*. The result of this law, as applied to water, which is not quite a perfect fluid, but has some small amount of viscosity, is that very nearly but not quite all — about ninety-eight per cent., speaking approximately from memory — of the total resistance to the motion of such a torpedo under water is due to skin or fluid friction. Any considerable reduction therefore in this friction would effect a very large corresponding gain in the speed of the submerged body, or a diminution in the power required to propel it at the same speed.

When we come to deal with the case of bodies only partly submerged, such as ships, the matter is not so simple, as a very appreciable fraction of the total resistance to motion is due to the action of waves and wind, and involves a consideration of length, depth, etc., on the part of the ship, as compared with the magnitude, period, direction, and character of the opposing waves. Nevertheless, Mr. White, to whom I again refer as the leading authority, has clearly laid down that a varying percentage, amounting always to considerably the larger half, of the total resistance to such a vessel's motion

through the water, is still due to surface or skin friction.

Broadly, therefore, we are brought to this conclusion, that this friction is the leading and essential cause of the great waste of power in the propulsion of all vessels of man's design, whether partly or wholly submerged, when compared with the natural propulsion of fish or marine animals, such as whales, under corresponding circumstances and conditions. Hence the question of the possible reduction of this friction is one of vast and supreme importance to the marine engineer.

Now if we saw that nature solved this problem in only one way, and that way clearly inapplicable to such bodies as steamships, we might well despair of any good result to be obtained by inquiry and investigation into the subject. Thus, if all fish, marine animals, and rapidly moving aquatic birds, were all alike coated with slime like the eel, we might fairly conclude that, as we can hardly hope to coat her Majesty's ironclads with perpetual slime, we may give the question up. But as a matter of fact we find on a very slight consideration of the subject, that nature solves this problem in many and various different ways. The slime of the eel whereby, as we may perhaps presume, he is enabled to slip easily through the water, has no sort or kind of resemblance to the rough, hard, shagreen or tough outer skin of the shark, nor is this, again, in the least like the scales of the numerous varieties of scale fish, the fur of the otter or the seal, or the feathers of a rapidly diving bird. Here, therefore, as it appears, is a vast field open to inquiry, investigation, and experiment.

As I think, it is a much more promising field than our present system of piling up enormous engine-power to meet an enormous and ever-increasing resistance. For we have already said that the resistance to our locomotion through water at present increases in a rapidly increasing ratio, as we increase the speed; whereas it seems clear that nature in her beautiful arrangements for dispensing with or minimizing skin

friction, contrives to avoid altogether this disproportionate piling up of resistance to increased speed. It should, however, be noted that this whole problem is greatly complicated by the question of the continual fouling of ships' bottoms, due to the growth of weeds, the shells of marine parasites, etc. Scientific investigators may propose as many elaborate anti-friction surfaces as they please, but any old tar who has seen his ship frequently coated thickly with barnacles and weeds, in spite of the use of numerous patent anti-fouling compositions, will be likely to shake his head doubtfully over them.

This is a serious complication. It means that we must seek for some substance or some system of construction for the external coating of our vessels which will lend itself as little as possible to the lodgment of such weeds and barnacles. And it also means, probably, that our ships must be overhauled in dry dock more frequently and regularly, which again will involve the construction of numerous docks at suitable ports along the ocean highways. But I submit that such measures will well repay us, if thereby we can gain a more than equivalent increase in speed.

Nevertheless, I freely admit that it is very possible that no inert and lifeless surface of man's design can be, or ever will be, devised, which will compete for the present purpose with the living skin, fur, or feathers which an all-wise Creator has specially adapted to the purpose of marine navigation, according to the requirements of the various aquatic forms of life.

But we need not thereupon despair. It would be simple folly to despair of this problem so long as we are so profoundly ignorant of its true conditions. When we have thoroughly investigated the laws and working of this fluid friction, and ascertained its true nature and limits, we shall then, and not till then, be justified in forming an opinion as to whether it be or be not possible to meet and deal with it successfully, by methods which are practically applicable to ocean navigation.

Practical methods are the essence of the matter. For nobody is foolish enough to pretend that we can coat our ironclads externally with sealskin, or with porpoise hide, and undoubtedly we are at a great disadvantage as compared with nature and her living forms. Very possibly the ultimate solution of this question may be found in the application of some new material altogether to the external coating of our vessels. Compressed paper, or compressed *ramée* fibre, which are now increasingly employed in America for railway wheels and steam pipes, would seem promising materials for the purpose. They admit of being moulded externally into any minute grooves, or tiny overlapping plates, like the scales of a fish. Little or no extra expense will thereby be incurred, as an enormous hydraulic pressure, capable of forming any required surface, is already employed in the regular course of manufacture. Or they can just as easily be moulded into a rough shagreen, which in form can be made a fac-simile reproduction of the skin of the shark. And by their tough and strong retentive structure they would effectually protect the steel, or real skin of the vessel, from corrosion by the salt water. But all this is mere conjecture. Any such suggestions which any man can propound will be nothing more than conjecture, so long as we are content to remain in our present deplorable darkness and ignorance of the real governing conditions of the problem. What we most require is, therefore, light.

I venture to think that the lords of the Admiralty could hardly spend £2,000 or £3,000 a year, or whatever modest sum a systematic course of experiments, undertaken by a competent authority like Mr. Froude, might cost, with greater advantage to her Majesty's navy and to the nation at large as the leading maritime power, than by spending it in such an investigation. It is easy to see the general line which a course of experiments might take. Thus one might commence with a real live porpoise, or, if smaller scale exper-

iments and a cheaper plant be necessary, with a salmon or a pike. Tow him through the water, in a tank or pond, in a more or less inanimate and non-resisting condition, and measure carefully by chronographs and power meters the exact horse-power required to attain a given speed, or the exact time and speed due to a given horse-power. Then run a steel bar through him to kill and keep him rigid, and repeat the experiments with a view to ascertain how far the rigidity of form would effect the result. Next weigh and take an exact cast of him in plaster of Paris, and cause any number of models to be made, all of the same uniform pattern and weighted up to the same weight, but vary the material and surface structure of the models indefinitely with a view to ascertain the conditions of minimum and maximum skin friction. Repeat the experiment with these various models. The result of such a preliminary course of experiment, especially if carried out on a good-sized scale, say with models of a large porpoise or a shark, could not fail to be most valuable and important. It would establish incontestably, once and for all, whether I am correct in believing that there is any such large difference between the power required to tow a torpedo through the water and that required for a fish or marine animal of a corresponding size. If so, we should learn generally how, by further systematic investigation, to determine the real and essential conditions on which this difference hinges. Thereby we should probably see eventually the best way of minimizing fluid friction in practice. It should be borne in mind that, if we could only gain a knot an hour in the speed of an ironclad or an Atlantic liner for a given horse-power, the result would be very important, and would amply repay any possible cost and trouble in the experiments.

It would probably be found that a smooth surface of iron or steel is about the worst which we can give to our ships. For a smooth metal surface has apparently the property of attracting and detaining the particles of water in

contact with it, whether by molecular attraction or otherwise. Thereby the water in immediate contact with the vessel's side or bottom is drawn along with her, and its particles communicate their motion to an outer circle of particles, and so on till a vast mass of water is set constantly in motion along with the ship. This is precisely what we want to avoid, as the essence of the reduction of fluid friction is to slip easily through the water with the least possible disturbance. Herein lies, as I imagine, the great advantage of the surface structure of the fish. It would probably be found by experiment that an exact model of a fish in any ordinary material, as wood, iron, steel, etc., when towed through the water at a given rate would communicate motion to a straw or light floating object lying near its course, to a far greater extent than would the real fish passing through the water at the same speed. Experiment on this point would be easy, and would be as valuable and suggestive when applied to different materials and surfaces as the former suggested experiments on horse-power.

Nature seems to abhor generally a really smooth or polished surface for water propulsion. Thus, if we put a piece of the skin of the sole under the microscope we shall see that it is composed of overlapping layers of scales. On the lower or outer end of each scale we see a number of small, projecting horns or points. I can only presume that the particles of water in most immediate contact with the fish are passed on from scale to scale like the rain running off a slated roof without pausing to adhere to any individual scale, and that their disengagement without adhesion or friction arising from molecular attraction is facilitated in some way by the projecting rows of points. Further similar and collateral investigations will easily suggest themselves. But enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been said. I will therefore conclude this discussion by repeating that the question of the reduction of fluid friction is one of primary importance to the whole future of ocean

navigation, and that it is high time that the attention of competent marine engineers should be directed to the subject.

So far I have confined myself to this question of fluid friction, as a thorough study of its laws constitutes, it is contended, the proper and the only sound and scientific basis for the marine engineering of the future. But we must not stop there. It does not require the trained perception of a naval architect to see that we must go further. I hope that the majority of such skilled specialists, who take a broad view of the present position of their profession, will agree with me, that the next step after we have eliminated, as far as possible, or brought down to an irreducible minimum, the all-important element of fluid friction, will be to set ourselves to reduce similarly to a minimum the other important retarding element of wave action. This means probably, in the case especially of cargo-carrying steamships, the adoption of a vessel of the American whale-back type, or some suitable modification of it, with a light, commodious superstructure for the convenience and comfort of passengers and crew.

Should we be fairly successful in these two distinct objects, the reduction to a minimum of fluid friction by suitable modifications in the external materials and structure of our ships, and the similar reduction of retarding wave action by the employment of a long, deep, mainly submerged vessel, the ocean steamships of the future may perhaps run at forty or even fifty knots an hour without any undue or extraordinary increase in propulsive power.

It is at present quite impossible to give any estimate of the magnitude and importance of the issues involved in a successful solution of these problems. This will entirely depend upon the extent to which we can reduce the fluid resistance. If we can eventually approximate in any considerable degree to the easy course of the fish the result will amount to a complete revolution in ocean navigation.

III.

IN order not to prolong this paper unduly, I will only briefly mention two more distinct subjects in which there seems to be room for probable large new departures in the future, and at no remote date.

The problem of how to extract the stored-up power in coal, without burning it, is of the first importance to the whole future of physical and mechanical science. It is generally admitted that the very best designed furnace is but a lame and most wasteful way of utilizing the vast reservoir of potential work in a ton of coal. The leading chemists and professors of science are aware of the magnitude and importance of this problem, and no doubt many able and competent brains are now at work upon it. The question, if I rightly apprehend it, amounts to this: How can we best, by some simple and practical process, reduce coal to a condition in which it will, when brought into conjunction with the inexhaustible reservoir of oxygen in the atmosphere, give us the necessary elements for the production of an electric battery? The successful solution of this problem will constitute a new era in science, and lead to results of vast and incalculable importance in the future. It is quite possible that its early solution, by supplying us with the necessary conditions for the production of power in an extremely light and portable shape, will greatly hasten and facilitate a successful attack upon the first discussed problem of aerial navigation.

Lastly, the problem of how to reduce the vegetable foods, which at present are only adapted to animals like the cow, the sheep, or the horse, to a condition suited to the human digestion and to the human palate, is one of great importance. The chemical constituents of these vegetable foods, such as grass, are similar to those which we now consume in various existing foods, and they are adapted to the requirements of the human frame. It is only a question of digestion. It can hardly be but that with the continual progress of organic chemistry and med-

ical science some means will sooner or later be discovered of solving this problem. If the process can be brought to a cheap and workable shape, the sources of our food supply will be greatly enlarged and extended, at a time, perhaps, when increasing population, and a growing pressure in the struggle for existence, will render such a result most opportune and welcome to the world.

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MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PAUL PERRET.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

XIX.

ON the 13th of July, when the section, instigated by Cilly, had raided the dwelling of the Laverdacs on the Quay—that same evening when Mademoiselle Corday was carried through the streets to the Prison of the Abbaye—the Citoyenne Laverdac, who had been guilty of no homicide, was consigned to another prison, that of La Force.

In vain had Laverdac endeavored to track her. A woman's screams leave no traces in the air. A large annex had been built to what had once been the residence of a great noble, in the street formerly called the Rue du Roi de Sicile, which name had been changed to that of Rue des Droits de l'Homme. Emilie was forced to ascend to the sixth story, under the sloping roof of this annex. Two jailers supported her. The poor thing put one foot before the other as she went up stair after stair, mechanically, unconsciously. She could no longer speak, nor even scream. Her throat was scorched and dry. She had no more tears left to shed. She passively let them push her up those dreadful stairs. When they reached the top, one of them, stepping forward, opened a stout door, threw the light of his lantern into a vast chamber, and hustled the prisoner on to one of many straw mattresses spread

upon the floor. There were no bedsteads. On Emilie's entrance, from one of the straw mattresses, a shadowy form arose.

But the door closed. It was quite dark in that dreadful prison chamber. Perhaps had Emilie been able to think, she would have been grateful to find that she had only one woman for company. This woman, who had been awakened from her first sleep, began to speak to her companion in a soft, musical voice, saying: "I am very glad to see you. We will make friends when daylight comes. At present it is better to sleep, for while we sleep we can forget our troubles. Won't you speak to me? Won't you make me some answer? Ah, well, some are like that at first. But not for long. Good-night."

With that she dropped back upon her miserable bed, uttering a complaint about the dreadful heat of the night, and the suffocating atmosphere of the chamber.

The roof had been exposed all day to the heat of the blazing July sun. She lay still for a moment, then rose upon her elbow, and gazed up into the heavens through a scuttle in the roof which had been left open, then she cried: "Oh! look; do not answer me if you had rather not, but I must tell you. I see such a beautiful star,—just there where I never saw a star before. It must be a good omen."

Nights in July are very short. A flash of morning light came early into the wretched chamber, which looked towards the east, and it awoke the sleeper.

She was a very young woman, barely twenty-five. She rubbed her eyes, swollen with unrefreshing sleep, as she lay all dressed on her coarse mattress. By instinct she passed her hands through her brown ringlets while her pretty fresh mouth gave a long yawn. Then she tried to set her dress in order. She wore a sort of polonaise of pale grey silk, in which she seemed to discover a great rent, made probably by some splinter of wood which had been left among the straw. The lace

fichu round her shoulders was now a rumpled rag, yet it gave her a certain air of good breeding and of fashion. She stood up beside her couch. Her figure was graceful, her bearing noble and elegant. What crime could this poor creature, so young and so pretty, have committed? She stepped lightly, on tip-toe, towards the bed of her companion, smiling as she noted the abundant blonde curls that lay on the coarse, dirty ticking that held the straw. Thinking that the Citoyenne Laverdac was still asleep, she bent over her, and then she gave a piercing shriek.

Emilie was not asleep. Her eyes were open. They gazed at her with an unconscious stare. Her face was a deep red, burning with fever. Her mouth was parched, and she was breathing painfully. The other woman drew back terribly alarmed.

It was not the ever-present fear of seeing the door open, and hearing her name called by the jailer, of the procession forming in the courtyard, amid the howls and execrations of the populace, as the carts passed to the Revolutionary Tribunal, which so seldom acquitted a prisoner. To lie forgotten in prison meant still hope. The fear that now possessed her was entirely different. Fever in that close, hot place could not fail to be catching. Her fear of it was greater than the dread she felt for all the judges in their robes of office, for the executioner, or even for the populace.

She rushed to the locked door and flung herself against it. She tried to shake it. She screamed for help. The sound of steps came along the passage, and a rattle of keys showed that the jailer was making his morning rounds. The door opened. She seized the man by his arm, screaming, and imploring him for mercy. Were they going to keep her shut up there in that suffocating room with a plague-stricken woman? Must she too die of fever and contagion?

The man growled. He had no more pity in him than a wolf. "Here's another one," he said, "who won't live

long at the expense of the nation." He called to his assistant: "Better carry her down to the sick-ward, if there is a bed vacant," he said.

A few nights after this the Citoyenne Laverdac, who had become merely number 7 in the sick-ward of La Force, was taken out of her bed during the night, wrapped in a blanket and placed on a stretcher. The authorities in La Force considered her case dangerous, and made haste to transfer her to the National Hospital, which was but the name for another prison. Two men carried the stretcher through dark streets, and along the ancient quays on the right bank of the Seine. Some one had thrown a piece of muslin over her face, and this unusually human precaution was not unnecessary, for the porters, with many stumbles and jerks, made their way through a dense fog. They passed over a bridge, and after crossing the open space before the entrance to Notre Dame, stopped at the gate of a large building.

This place had high walls and ogive windows. Above the roofs two steeples could be dimly seen. It was nothing less than a palace, the late residence of Gobel, Bishop of Paris, who had recently solemnly renounced his priestly character at the bar of the Convention. The building being empty, the Commune had conceived the idea of using it as a hospital for sick prisoners. It would be easy enough to come and find them there when the guillotine should want them. Over the great gate the light of the bearers' lanterns showed a new flag, tri-colored of course, with its staff surmounted by a Cap of Liberty, and under it was the inscription in fresh paint: "National Hospital."

Late as the hour was the doctor in charge received the patient, but as he lifted the muslin from little Emilie's face he murmured: "Poor child!"—and signed to the bearers to again take up their burden.

XX.

IT was in midwinter, five months after this, that Manette, dressed in

black, but with the three-colored cockade stuck in the crape trimmings of her cap, set out, on the 20th Frimaire, on her visit to Citizen Cilly. She went first down the staircase, and her uncle, Citizen Andrey, followed her. He was slow in his movements and haggard of face. Brigette had told her mistress that she was certain he dreaded the visit they were about to pay, though they would make it under the protection of Citizen Grégoire.

When Manette saw how feebly the old man walked, she, who had not been in the streets for months, concluded that he would not be able to go on foot so far as the Faubourg Poissonnière, and a cabriolet passing at that moment, she called it.

They went by the Rue de Thionville, and crossing the Pont Neuf reached the Rue Honoré, and the corner of the Rue de Grenelle. Here the driver hesitated. All Paris had been recently re-numbered, not by streets but by sections; according to a new idea of the Commune. Citizen Grégoire's house was number 1039 in his section. But Citoyenne Cézaron knew the house. She had come there before on an errand of love. As she went up to Citizen Grégoire's rooms she remembered vividly how she had hastened up those steps less than a year before, when her love for Claude had seemed to lend her wings.

Grégoire was all ready. He wore, as he had always done, his black coat and breeches of rough cloth, and his waistcoat the color of *sang de Foulon*. The only change in his attire was that he wore boots. He had given up his spotless white stockings, which in former days had been his pride. They made him too conspicuous when he had to make his way through patriotic crowds.

He saluted the citoyenne with all due ceremony. His bloodless face and his long nose had ceased to provoke her merriment, and she thanked him warmly for the service he was about to render her. His speech was as emphatic as ever, he talked like a book, but he was kind-hearted, and he loved

Claude. Poor Claude, Manette was glad to think that others loved him.

The cabriolet went down the Rue Platrière, whose name had been changed recently to the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau; and turned into the street called Mont Marat. From this, by a narrow passage that ran into it, they were about to reach the Rue Montorgueil, when Grégoire proposed that they should get out and walk the rest of the way. That part of Paris — called the Section of Brutus — might, he thought, be dangerous. A dirty hack might be considered by its inhabitants a chariot of aristocrats.

The advice of the old gentleman was taken. They left the cabriolet. Citizen Grégoire walked before them along the Rue Sauveur, which was both dark and crooked. On the right it was occupied by miserable little dwellings, and on the left there were large mansions standing back from the street, once the town residences of ancient nobles. All had over their gates — once ornamented by armorial bearings — placards on which were written the words: NATIONAL PROPERTY. Before one of these Citizen Grégoire stopped and whispered to his companions: "This is where the Marquise de l'Aigle used to live. I had the honor of knowing her. She was one of my clients."

Had the marquise been still living there she would have looked down from her boudoir into a very nest of *sans-culottes*, for out of one of the opposite hovels cries of derision were heard as the party walked past them. Manette, in her black dress and her crape, had "too much the air of an aristocrat," as a woman screeched at her from an upper window.

Uncle Andrey drew closer to the side of his niece. Grégoire saw the act, and shrugged his shoulders. He knew the whole history of the old privateersman and African trader, now so worn and feeble. But he walked on as fast as he could over a wretched pavement, and soon they reached the Rue Montorgueil without any more adventures or alarms.

In the Faubourg Poissonnière Manette saw on her left the Rue de l'Echiquier, which was narrow, too, but ran straight between tall houses. She could see the closed windows of her old home, and did not conceal her emotion from Citizen Grégoire. She made no attempt to check her feelings. That was a moment to encourage, rather than to repress, tender recollections. They walked on in silence, except when Citizen Andrey from time to time uttered a complaint. All felt that the step they were taking might be dangerous to themselves, and was certain to decide Claude's fate. But no one said so.

At the corner of the Rue des Petites-Ecuries trees waved their bare branches over a low wall. A small side door led into a garden. A porter's lodge was in front on the Faubourg Poissonnière. It was a little building of only one story. The gate was of thick oak, under an archway ornamented for generations with the armorial bearings of the De Cilly family. These had been carefully effaced, and in their stead were two bronze sphinxes in half relief, which conveyed no meaning whatever to those who might observe them. Grégoire stopped short. "Here we are," he said.

The *ci-devant*, having flung himself heart and soul into the Revolution, with an utter renunciation of his ancestors, had been permitted to retain undisturbed possession of his property. As a *sans-culotte* he still lived in the mansion in which he had been born a viscount. In accordance with the new system of numbering houses, this noble building, which had its main entrance on the Faubourg, was 536.

The three visitors passed under the archway, crossed a garden laid out in flower-beds, with a pretty little arbor on the right. Thanks to the low roof of the porter's lodge, and to that of the wall along the side street, the garden had plenty of light and sunshine from both south and west.

The dwelling of the *ci-devant* was at the end of the garden. They went up several broad steps of white marble. A servant, wearing the Cap of Liberty,

came forward and led them, without a word, into a large room on the ground floor, where a great fire was burning.

This room had three French windows, draped with red silk curtains. The chairs were covered with crimson damask, embroidered with gold thread and yellow silk. All this was too much silk for a *sans-culotte*. The walls were also hung with silk. To conceal something of this decoration, which was much too splendid, one side of the room was covered by two immense maps; one was of France as recently divided into departments, the other of Europe and its kingdoms, so that the powerful republican could at any moment cast his eyes on those foul dens of tyranny which it was his duty and that of *sans-culottes* like himself, to put an end to.

The pier-glasses, which had once reflected the bright light of wax candles in this large room, had disappeared; and no doubt were put aside in some lumber-room to await less Spartan times. On the other side of the room hung two black picture-frames of due republican simplicity. That on the right of the fireplace contained the Declaration of Rights, that on the left the New Constitution, consisting of one hundred and fifty-nine articles, all engrossed on vellum. The last but one of these articles said: "Liberty and personal safety are guaranteed to all Frenchmen." The value of which guarantee had been tested by Claude Cézaron during the seven months he had passed at Pélagie.

The citizen master of the house made his appearance through a door at the further end of the great room, wearing the same headdress as his citizen valet. His face frowned even more than usual. His eyes, that twinkled on each side of his great hooked nose, were more fierce and full of mockery than ever. He made no bow as he came in. The three visitors stood up and remained standing, Manette between the two men who had accompanied her. Grégoire whispered in her ear: "Is he going to pretend he does not know us?"

But Cilly soon settled that question.

"Citoyenne Cézaron," he said, addressing Manette, "you have come here too well attended. At the same time you are welcome."

"I have come to you with my uncle, Citizen Andrey."

"Ah, indeed!" said he; "I see you are just the same. An aristocrat at heart. The proper republican mode of address, the *thee* and *thou* would blister, I suppose, those beautiful lips."

"I begged Citizen Grégoire to come with us, because my uncle is infirm and feeble."

"I could not have turned a deaf ear to such an application," said the old gentleman. "Maximilian Grégoire could never fail to render service to beauty and to virtue."

"Right enough," said the *ci-devant*, using the *thee* and *thou*, as Manette also did when she next addressed him. "You speak the language of a gallant patriot. It is a pleasure to have speeches so refined. But beauty should not be obstinate, and virtue is not charming when it bristles like a porcupine. One can do nothing for persons who do nothing in return. However, we will waste no words. My time belongs to the nation. Citoyenne Cézaron, what do you want of me?"

"What you ought to procure for me without asking any price," replied Manette. "I want my husband's liberty."

Cilly looked at her in a way that made the blood boil in her veins. But this time she did not even blush. Cilly felt sure he had not conquered her, but he was amazed to find her indifferent to his insulting stare.

"Are you quite certain that the liberty of Citizen Cézaron is what you want of me," he said, "and nothing else?"

"Nothing else. But without conditions."

"Is there no other person dear to you who is in danger?"

His mocking eyes were fixed upon her face. They said clearly enough: "Look into your own heart. There is somebody else. But he has escaped me, and you know it."

Manette shivered slightly.

"Your husband," he continued, "intrigued for Raffet against Hanriot."

"Intrigued?" she said. "Perhaps he did. But why? Because you gave him to understand that Hanriot was not to be preferred; and you deceived him, for you wished to ruin him!"

"If that is what you think," resumed the *ci-devant*, "why do you come here and ask me to save him?"

"Because you ought to repair the harm that you have done."

"The *citoyenne* is confident that your heart is generous," said Grégoire.

"Citizen Cézaron possibly misunderstood the advice you gave him, for you certainly favored the selection of Hanriot, who is a distinguished citizen."

"Hush!" interrupted Manette. "There is no use in saying such things."

"Hanriot has many republican virtues," went on Grégoire; "Citizen Cézaron cannot have failed to see them, any more than he could fail to see the light of heaven shining in his eyes."

"You are mistaken," interrupted Cilly, with an unpleasant laugh. "Love has put a bandage over his eyes. There are other things, besides Citizen Hanriot's virtues, that Citizen Cézaron has failed to see. Things that concern him more closely."

"Citizen," said Manette, "I withdraw my request. I ask nothing from you."

She took her uncle's arm, saying: "We can go now, uncle. I felt sure from the first that our visit here was useless."

The old man did not obey her. He straightened his bent shoulders, a light shone in his dim eyes. He walked up to Cilly.

"I, on my own part, ask you," he said, "why Citizen Claude has been sent to prison? I know why, perhaps; for I have been to him a second father. He is good, and he is honest. Was that the reason, Citizen Cilly? Go—I know all that has happened to him. People think my mind is failing, but I remember, and I think over what I

know. Claude wanted to promote the welfare of the people. He labored for their good, and not for his own profit. Perhaps that was setting others a bad example. My poor Claude has been a sheep among a pack of wolves. They hated him because he would not take part in their destructive acts, and their dishonest ones. They turned on him because he was innocent. If you were one of those men, and if you deceived him on purpose to bring about his ruin, you are one of the very worst of them. I see you think me bold, and that you threaten me. I neither fear what you can do to me, nor others like you. Fear has before now made me do evil things—things I am now ashamed of. You may do what you like with my poor old head. It is not the first grey head you have given to the guillotine. You see I do not fear you, since I dare to tell you plainly that —"

Cilly had listened thus far to the old man without interrupting him. At first he laughed his evil laugh, then his dark brows contracted. This defiance was more unbearable to him than Manette's. He struck his fist on the back of a chair. "The old man must be mad!" he cried.

Manette drew away her uncle. Both had crossed the garden. Cilly was furiously pacing his room. "Ah, so!" he cried, "this crazy old man has ceased to fear! How long will it be before others learn the same thing?"

Grégoire had not moved. Only his face, which was yellow in general, had turned to dead-white now. The *ci-devant* came up to him. "What are you staying for? What do you want?" he cried.

"If you will not do us the great favor we have asked, perhaps you will do us a lesser one. Will it please you, for a moment, to hear me. You will not use your influence to obtain the release of Citizen Cézaron?"

Cilly shrugged his shoulders, and walked on.

"But," said Grégoire, "you may be willing to own, for you are just, that his treatment in prison has been unnecessarily cruel. He has been de-

prived of all communication with the world outside for months. His wife has not been able to see him."

Cilly stopped suddenly. "Who told you that nonsense?" he said.

"His last letter contained a request to Citizen Fouquier-Tinville. We have not yet presented it. He wants to obtain permission to see the Citoyenne Manette."

Cilly burst out laughing. "It will be an agreeable interview for them, no doubt. Are you sure that she desires it? *Parbleu!* I can satisfy her without her having recourse to Citizen Fouquier-Tinville, who could be of no use. Let sleeping dogs lie. A line from me will be enough to the chief jailer. After that your Citoyenne Manette, whether she wishes it or not, will have to go and see her husband!"

"Wishes it or not? What do you mean?"

"Ah, well! I know more than you do. Perhaps after that interview she may make up her mind to be reasonable. It is not a pleasant thing to be in prison. Well; I will give you a line. You had better run after them, citizen. Tell her: 'I bring you good news,' no doubt she will be very much obliged to you, or Cilly is a fool."

Still laughing, he sat down at a table, by one of the tall windows, and wrote a few lines to the chief jailer at St. Lazare.

CXXI.

CITIZEN ANDREY took to his bed after this interview. It seemed as if all his strength had expended itself in his outburst of indignation against Cilly. Manette, two days later, went early into his chamber walking on tiptoe, for she thought he was asleep. But the old man called to her:—

"Will you go to-day, Manette?"

Manette was very pale; but her voice was steady.

"I am expecting Citizen Grégoire," she said, "who will go with me."

"Brave friend! He got us that permit from that wicked *ci-devant!*"

Manette was silent. So was her

uncle for a moment, then he said: "I know you shrink, dear, from going to see Claude in prison."

"Oh!" she cried, "I know I have been selfish and cowardly; but that interview will decide so much for me."

"My love, you were fitted by nature to lead a quiet, happy, loving life, and you have been forced instead to live in evil times. You are a brave woman, but you cannot support trial after trial. Nettie, you have grown afraid, at last."

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "I am terribly afraid, uncle."

"But remember how happy Claude will be to see you. Poor Claude! for a moment he will forget his troubles. Will you read me his last letter over again?"

Manette took it from her pocket. "Here it is," she said. "It is dated from St. Lazare."

"I recollect. They have changed his prison."

"They did it on the evening of the day we went to see that wicked Cilly. He wished to show us that he could do what he pleased with him. We implored him for pity, and thus he answered us. Listen, uncle."

"I am now further off from you than ever, my sweet wife. But do what they will with me they cannot separate our hearts. My sudden change of prison was, however, a fresh grief to me. It separated me without leave-taking from many friends. It took place at midnight, but day was breaking when we reached St. Lazare. A troop of sectionaries, followed by a crowd of creatures who had nothing of the woman left in them but the name, went with us as far as the old convent of St. Vincent de Paul. The wretched beings overwhelmed us with invectives. But I pity them. Their own misery is their excuse. They do not know that captivity is a worse evil than poverty. How things have changed, Manette! The cruel fate that we endure is in a house founded for purposes of charity. Yet in some respects my new prison is better than the old. We have more light and more space here. The cell

assigned to me is on the third floor. It has a narrow window, through which I can look out on the tops of the trees planted by the Lazariot Fathers, on the gardens in the Faubourg, and on some distant meadows, through which I see a little river winding, whose name I do not know. Mont Valérien, beyond the slopes of Rueil, bounds my horizon. The window was not formerly barred. Through it I see both earth and sky. The bars were put in when St. Lazare became a prison. It is easy to see that the work was done in haste, the bars could be wrenched out very easily. But what would be the use, unless my desire to be with you gave me wings? Ah, my darling, the worst part of my captivity is my unsatisfied longing to see you once more."

"Nettie," said the sick man, "have you answered that letter? Does Claude know you have obtained permission to see him?"

"No indeed, for it might raise false hopes. One dares not say with certainty I will do this or that to-morrow."

"True, all is uncertainty in these evil days. Grégoire perhaps might fail you; or you might fall ill, like me. But it is all right now. Grégoire is sure to be here soon. We ought to be very grateful to him."

Somebody rang. It was Grégoire himself.

They had a long walk before them this time, and they preferred to go afoot. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Grégoire offered his arm to his companion, rounding it ceremoniously as he did so. His gestures, like his sentences, were all well rounded, everything was round in him but the sharp angle of his face.

They went down the Rue de Thionville, and along the quays. They crossed the Pont Saint Michel, walked under the walls of the Conciergerie, another and the worst of prisons, passed the Pont au Change, and entered the labyrinth of dark and crooked streets that surrounds the Halles. Thence they went up the Rue de Franciade, formerly the Rue St. Denis, and thence turned into the Faubourg du

Nord. Manette wanted to walk fast. It is hard to think when one is in rapid motion.

She walked on, looking down, holding up her skirts with one hand, for during the night it had rained, and as half the paving stones had been pulled up, the streets were full of holes which held the rain in puddles. Her other hand rested on the arm of her companion. The old gentleman had thought over a variety of subjects with which he hoped to entertain her. But neither spoke a word about what filled their minds.

He explained the changes of the names of the streets through which they passed, and his explanations always approved the decrees of the authorities. Good Citizen Grégoire always put himself on the side of power. But in vain he framed sonorous sentences full of civic sentiments. Manette did not hear him.

One thought alone was in her heart. "I shall see him. He will tell me that he loves me. Ought I in truth and honesty to tell him that I am conscious that I do not, as I ought, return his love?"

They went along the Faubourg. The lines of tall houses on either hand now ceased. They gave place to little gardens surrounding detached houses, with the boughs of fruit trees, now leafless, hanging over the walls. The houses were those of well-to-do tradesmen,—shopkeepers, who at evening, in past times, came back from their work to find repose, and breathe fresh air on the slopes of the Hill of Martyrdom, long known as Montmartre, but now called Mont Marat. Beyond that lay the usual desolation that surrounds great cities, hovels built of boards, and all kinds of rude materials, where a sort of nomad population found refuge. Little children were playing on the grass, or in the sand-piles; a donkey was trying to graze near a broken cart; a goat, tied to a stake, brushed against Manette's dress. Mechanically she stroked the creature's head.

A few yards to their left was a wall that surrounded a park. Between the

great bare trees, waving their sturdy branches in the air, might be seen the roofs of a number of tall buildings, dotted with small windows. Manette stopped short, saying: "Don't you remember he says in his letter that formerly those windows were not barred?"

Their way became no longer lonely. They passed a group of men in *bonnets rouges*, and women with tri-colored head handkerchiefs and cockades. These only jeered at them. Soon they met other groups, larger and more aggressive. An old man who was walking alone, and was on the same errand as themselves, bowed to Manette and her escort, and, not saying a word, walked beside them. There were low growls and stifled curses from the people round them. They found they had to make their way through a dense mob. These people had come there in the hope of seeing the return of certain prisoners, who, it was reported in the Faubourg, had been conveyed the night before to the Tribunal in a cart. There was a scent of blood about the great building where peace and holiness had reigned for years before. The jackals round were snarling for their prey. Those who had good places near the gates were pressed upon and pushed up against the National Guards who were on duty. They, in their turn, forced the crowd back roughly. The three visitors strove in vain to make their way through the throng and the confusion. Grégoire put his hand to his hat, saying: "Citizens, please to let us pass."

Manette, pale and frightened, clung to his arm. The old man who accompanied them growled curses under his breath.

They might not have been able to get through the dense crowd had not one of the National Guards called out: "*Hold, there!—you!* Let the aristocrats pass. They are coming to look at some of their own sort in a cage!"

Thanks to this rough citizen the crowd opened a way. Grégoire, when he reached the sentinels, waved Cilly's letter to the chief jailer over his head.

The personage to whom it was addressed chanced to be there. The old man who accompanied them had his proper permit. But it was soon clear that his permit was not thought worthy of as much consideration as theirs. When the head jailer read the note signed by the president of the Section Poissonnière, well known to be a friend of Fouquier-Tinville, he gave a complaisant smile. "All right," he said to Manette, "you shall see your husband immediately. You will have ten minutes to make love to him."

But he had another reply for the old man.

"What do you want? To see your son? Come back at twelve o'clock, if you have any legs left. This is not the right time."

Ten minutes! Those were the only words that Manette heard. She smiled up at the rough fellow who addressed them. She did not observe his purple, bloated face under his cap of fox-skin. Ten minutes only! In that time, and in Citizen Grégoire's presence, she need not surely dream of making a confession; but ten minutes would suffice to decide another thing.

The jailer walked before. She and her escort followed him. They crossed a great courtyard full of trees. There were benches under many of them, and in one part was a chapel. They passed through a dark passage, they saw an iron-bound door, with three great locks. It was pushed open before them, and they found themselves in a long, well-lighted corridor, at the end of which was another door. This door was made of iron bars of great size and strength, crossed horizontally by other bars more slender. The door was so heavy that it required all the jailer's strength to push it open. At last it moved back with a creak like a growl. Manette saw before her an immense, lofty hall, with a vaulted ceiling, supported on wooden pillars, which formed colonnades. In the middle was a great stove, round which men and women stood warming themselves in silence, while others walked about listlessly. Others were sitting

on wooden benches, apparently absorbed in their own thoughts. Three prisoners were sitting together near a window, mending their clothes, and talking in low tones to each other. When the door opened not one of the prisoners looked up. None of the poor creatures expected anything from the outside. It was past the hour for examinations, and, as the old man had been told shortly before, the time for seeing prisoners was twelve o'clock. The jailer in his hoarse voice called out: "Citizen Claude Cézaron!"

Manette leaned half fainting against the wall of the corridor; Grégoire whispered encouragement. She did not hear him. She could not even see. She was roused by a perfect rain of kisses. She was in Claude's arms. At that moment the cloud lifted and her heart went out to him.

"Oh, is it you?" he cried. "You at last! Let me look at you. Oh! my darling, how pale you are! Have you been suffering because I suffer? I was afraid you might—yet I am glad. Oh, selfishness is a dreadful thing. How came they to give you permission? Something must have happened, for Cilly has sent me word that he declined to use his influence to get me out of prison. Ah, well!—I must bear my fate, but it is a cruel and unjust one. Tell me everything."

"Yes, Claude, I will," she said, disengaging herself from his arms. "The monster, whose name you have just pronounced, would set you free tomorrow if I chose. I have known from the beginning what was the wicked price he would ask for it."

"Hush! Hush! Tell me no more," he said, again clasping her in his arms.

"Why should I not give him what he asks? Then I would die. We should both be set free,—you from prison, I from a life too dreadful to live!"

"Oh, hush! dear, you do not know what you are saying. Yes, darling, I know it is very hard for you to be alone. Ah, Nettie, my treasure, for a little time we were so happy. But for that cruel wretch who has plotted

against us both, we might be happy once again."

"I cannot believe what I now hear for the first time," said Citizen Grégoire, who had been dumb with surprise up to this moment; "Citoyenne Manette had not told me one word of this. Is she quite sure she is not mistaken? Cilly gave permission for you to see your wife, Citizen Cézaron. Thanks to his permit, I have brought her here."

"Did he really do this?" said Claude. "I won't forget he did me this good turn at least, to set off against his infamy."

"Ah!—you are just the same as you always were," said Manette, drawing herself back from his embrace. "Nothing, it seems, can move you to show righteous anger."

"At this moment I am happy, Nénette. Must I renew my sorrows in this one moment of brief happiness? I have suffered a great deal during the last few days. I was roused from sleep at Pélagie and carried off to this other prison. I was taken down with others into the courtyard. Municipal officers passed us in review, holding their lanterns up in each man's face. They jeered at those whose looks showed any fear, and cursed those who wept or displayed any emotion. Then we were placed in carts. But what they were going to do with us we did not know."

"It was all Cilly's doing," cried Manette. "The morning of that day we had been to see him. He made us feel he had you in his power. He as good as said to me: 'I can do what I please with Citizen Cézaron. He is my prisoner, not the State's.'"

"But he gave you that letter," said the conciliating Grégoire.

Claude went on with his narrative. "When we got here it was a great surprise. The change was like new life to us. We are permitted to live in common. We take our meals together in the refectory, we walk in the corridor together, and the rest of the time we pass in that great hall. I have always been sociable, and here I can make friends. They say that the Com-

mittee of Public Safety is thinking of depriving us of this privilege, which is so very great, and that the prisoners are to be shut up, two and two, in their cells. But what do I care now that I have seen you? My fortitude has all come back to me. You love me, Nettie, do you not? Oh, my wife, is it quite true that you love me?"

"I would die for you, and that is best," she answered fervently.

"Ah! then I am happy. Happier than I deserve, for seeing you has made me forget all the rest who love me. I have not asked after our good uncle."

"Ah, Citizen Claude," said Grégoire, "he is but a shadow of himself."

"But he has gained strength and courage," cried Manette. "Oh, Claude, you should have seen how he braved Cilly, how he stood up in your defence!"

"He has always been good to me. He is almost my real father. Give him my most tender regards. And my old Brigitte?"

"Brigitte serves me with the most watchful fidelity."

"The dear, good creature! And my friend Citizen Laverdac, and his pretty wife?"

Manette essayed to answer, but her voice was so constrained that Claude cried: "Nettie!" in astonishment.

"Citoyenne Laverdac," she said, "has been arrested, and no one knows where she is now imprisoned. The sectionaries could not find Citizen Laverdac; he disappeared. They are two more innocent people to be avenged."

"Ah, Nénette," Claude said, with a smile, "you are still harping on your old idea of vengeance. It is wrong in itself, and it is hurtful to think of it when it is impossible. Come, dear,—let us put our trust in justice. I believe its time is coming. It may be near us now."

"Hope for nothing so long as Cilly lives," said Manette, "unless he takes me in your stead. He deprives you of your liberty that he may hold you as a hostage. If he would take my life he

might spare yours. If he were put out of the way, you might be free."

"Manette, what dreadful things are you saying!"

The jailer at that moment appeared at the door and called out: "Citizen Cézaron!"

"So soon?" exclaimed Claude.

"But you will come again, dearest. Citizen Grégoire can surely make that letter available for other visits, since by his goodness it was obtained. Oh, my dearest, you have not given me a kiss!"

Manette threw her arms around his neck, and gave the kiss. "You shall be free," were her last words.

From The Fortnightly Review.

FABIAN ECONOMICS.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

SECOND PAPER.

I.

SOCIALISTS ON THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIALISM.

I POINTED out in my previous paper the one fundamental doctrine in which Socialism differs from Individualism. I showed that this, reduced to its simplest form, was one single, bald, definite doctrine with regard to the process of production in the modern world, which all Socialists implicitly affirm, and which everybody else implicitly sets aside as a piece of raving. The doctrine I refer to is neither more nor less than this: That the men who, year by year, create, by their exceptional ability, by far the larger part, and the only growing part, of our national income, would continue to produce the same number of millions under a government specially organized to take all they produced away from them, as they produce now under a government which confirms them in the possession of three-fifths of it. The Fabian essayists, one and all of them admit—though they fail to realize clearly what this admission implies—that the growing amount of wealth produced in the modern world depends not on the labor contributed by the

average laborers, but on the ability of those "scarce brains," to quote Mr. Shaw's words, "which are not the law of nature's capricious gifts"—that is to say, on the ability of the exceptionally gifted few by whom the exertions of the laboring many are organized; and production, under Socialism, as conceived of by Mr. Sidney Webb, differs fundamentally from production under Individualism only in the fact that the men with the "scarce brains"—the active private employers of the present day—will be converted into an army of government taskmasters, and will be plundered by the government of almost everything they produce. The laborer will still be a wage-earner, who will have to work or starve; there will still be industrial discipline as rigid as any that now exists. The sole distinctive advantage held out to the laborers is that, by robbing the men with "the scarce brains" of what they produce as fast as they produce it, the government will provide itself with a fund to increase the present wage of labor—a fund which, as I showed from the figures supplied by the Fabian essayists themselves—would give each citizen an extra sixpence a day. But I am not going to dwell here on the inadequacy of this result, nor on what most people will consider the obvious character of the fact, that if the men with "the scarce brains" are to be robbed of what they produce there is very little chance that they will go on producing it. The point on which I am now concerned to insist is, That it is the doctrine of Socialism that they will go on producing it—that a man, for instance, will be as anxious to make £100,000 if he is only allowed to keep £800 of it, and not even to employ that as he likes, as he would be were he allowed to keep £80,000, and spend or invest it according to his own judgment. And not only is this peculiar doctrine the doctrine of the Socialists, but it is—as will appear more clearly in the following pages—the only fundamental doctrine in which they are peculiar. It is the only fundamental doctrine taught by them which is not

either actually in some way taught also by Individualists, or is else capable of being appropriated by them and used to strengthen Individualism. The Fabian essayists, though they are constantly losing sight of this fact in their arguments, are yet constantly proclaiming it; and to show the reader that I have not misrepresented the matter, I will quote the following words from the concluding essay: "It is not so much to the thing the State does," says the writer, "as to the end for which the State does it, that we must look before we can decide whether it is a Socialist State or not. Socialism is the common holding of the means of production and exchange, and the holding of them for the *equal* benefit of all"—i.e., in such a way that the man who produces most shall have as little as possible more than the man who produces least; and no one, says the writer, is a true Socialist "who hesitates to clamor his loudest against any proposal whose adoption would prolong the life of private capital [which means *par excellence* interest on private capital] for a single hour."

And now, having thus summed up for the reader the gist of my previous paper, and having shown him again what in its essence the Socialistic system is, I propose to examine those theories of history and evolution by which the Socialistic economists aim at convincing us that Socialism is the condition towards which all civilized society is working—a condition which is inevitably and rapidly being evolved out of the economic conditions that have preceded it. I pointed out in my former paper that the Socialistic economists had rendered an invaluable service to economic science by introducing into it the historical and comparative method, instead of doing as their orthodox predecessors had done, and treating the society existing round them as the only society requiring or deserving analysis, and as representing the sole form which industrial civilization could assume. What I shall now have to point out is that the service they have rendered by insisting on the necessity

of applying the historical method, has been only equalled by the failure which has attended their own application of it; and I shall deal with their historical criticisms under two heads—first, those that refer to the present and that near past during which the capitalistic system, as we now know it, has developed itself; and secondly, those that refer to the four or five preceding centuries, during which the beginnings of this modern system were slowly evolved out of the mediæval. The reader will see that there have been two distinct propositions submitted to us. First, that out of Capitalism is being evolved Socialism; secondly, that out of mediæval Individualism was evolved Capitalism. The historical order, as I have placed them, is inverted; but it is the order in which it will be most convenient to consider them.

II.

THE ALLEGED CONTEMPORARY EVOLUTION OF SOCIALISM AN APPEARANCE ONLY, NOT A REALITY.

THE theory of the Fabian essayists as to modern and contemporary tendencies, forms, from their point of view, the best, and indeed a conclusive answer to the arguments of those who maintain that Socialism is unworkable; for it is a theory at once illustrated by, and based on, a number of industrial facts, which the essayists declare to be examples of Socialism already at work. I am going to take the principal examples cited by them, and to show the reader that not a single one of them is really Socialistic in the sense which the Socialists attribute to the term; but that the Fabian writers—no doubt with perfect honesty—have been playing fast and loose alike with their language and their thoughts; and that whilst defining Socialism as being in its essence one thing, when they are looking for realized examples of it they mean quite another.

The chief examples which the Fabian essayists give us are the post-office, the income tax, free education, and the management by municipal bodies of gas-works, water-works, public libra-

ries, tramways, and ferries. Each of these they declare to be an actual instalment of Socialism; whilst trusts and joint stock companies are represented as the Socialistic chicken, alive and almost ready to burst out of the Individualistic egg. I propose to show that in none of these examples is the real Socialistic principle embodied at all; but that, on the contrary, the success of each experiment involves that very principle of Individualism which the Fabian essayists declare it is the mission of Socialism to destroy. What I mean in saying this is, that in every one of these so-called examples of Socialism the presence and use of private capital are implied—that private capital used, or accumulated by private persons, is in each of these cases an essential factor, and in most of them a principal factor.

Let us begin with the income tax. Mr. Bernard Shaw declares that this is Socialism pure and simple—Socialism already in our midst. "It is the transfer," he says, "of rent and interest to the State by instalments." If this tax is not Socialism, it is, he declares, "an intolerable spoliative anomaly." But Socialism it is, he continues, absolute, although not complete; and all we have to do is to increase this tax gradually, and at last the Socialism will be complete as well as absolute. The State which at present Socializes a part of rent and interest will at last have Socialized the whole. It seems entirely to escape Mr. Shaw's mind, that if the State should attempt to Socialize the whole, or even the larger part of this sum, the result would be that the sum would no longer be produced. With the exception of a very small part of it—namely, the prairie rent of the land—the sum which he alludes to, and which he estimates at about five hundred millions, is an annual product of ability, new since the last generation; and were the conditions and influences which have stimulated its production withdrawn it would disappear far more quickly than it appeared. But I have dwelt on this point already, and I only mention it

here in passing. What I want here to insist on is that, whatever might happen under other circumstances, the income tax as we know it at present is actually a transfer to the State from a sum that is produced by individual enterprise — by individual ability manipulating private capital; and that the amount transferred has been carefully adjusted with a view to taking as little as possible from the individual, not as much; in other words, to diminishing as little as possible the normal reward or incentive of those who save private capital, or who employ it. Instead, therefore, of being an example of Socialism, it is one of the most astonishing witnesses to the productive force of Individualism. The same criticism applies to trusts and to joint stock companies. I need not repeat at length an observation I made in my former paper, that one of the greatest of existing trusts, which the Fabians cite as a typical example, is — as with a curious *naïveté* they tell us — directed by nine men, who own the larger part of the stock. Two far more important and more widely reaching facts to be noticed are, first, that the capital invested in these enterprises is the product of the previous application of other private capital, by the ability of individuals whose main motive in producing it was its future investment in enterprises of this very kind; and, secondly, that the men who direct these enterprises, even if their position be that of mere hired managers, enjoy the advantage which quintuples the moral value of their salaries, and which, as we have seen, it is the Socialist's primary aim to abolish — the advantage of investing whatever they may be willing to save, or, in other words, of converting it into private means of production, and thus hereafter reaping from it an independent or anti-Socialist income. Does Mr. Shaw imagine that the manager of any great railway company would consider his present salary to be as valuable a reward as it is, if one of the conditions of its payment to him were that he was at liberty to invest none of it, or that any investments

he made were to be *ipso facto* confiscated?

The favorite, the proverbial example with the Socialists, of Socialism in operation, namely, the post-office, and the municipal enterprises — distributive, as in the case of water, or distributive and productive both, as in the case of gas — on which the Fabian essayists lay still greater stress, differ in one point from the companies I have just alluded to, and with this I shall deal presently. But in every other respect their position is the same. Every employee, either under the government or the municipal authorities, can convert his savings into private means of production, and derive interest from them; and the rarer and more valuable his ability, and the larger his salary, the more important as a motive the hope of this saving is. And now let us look at the matter from another point of view, and we shall see that, on the admission of the Fabian writers themselves, what was said about the Individualist foundation of all trusts and companies is even more strikingly illustrated by the enterprise of municipal bodies. Municipal Socialism has been rendered possible only — to quote the distinct admission of Mr. Sidney Webb, “by the creation of a local debt now reaching over a hundred and eighty-one million pounds.” In other words, it has been rendered possible only by the fact that private ability had created all this capital, and created it — as the event shows — with the distinct object of employing it so that it should yield interest. If Mr. Sidney Webb doubt this, let him ask himself whether those millions would have been forthcoming, if the municipal authorities had not only promised no interest on them, but had distinctly declared that they bound themselves never to pay any — in fact, that whatever money was lent to them, they meant practically to confiscate. Mr. Webb knows, as well as anybody, that if municipal enterprise had attempted to establish itself on these Socialistic terms, or on any terms which did not call to its aid the normal and vital motives which

have created private capital, municipal enterprise could never have established itself at all. I am not at this moment considering how it may extend itself in the future. I am doing what Mr. Webb does. I am speaking of it as it is; and certainly as we know it at present, it is so far from being an instalment of Socialism, that it is a mere extension of the immemorial functions of government, which has been made possible only by the assistance of Individualism, and is, like the income tax, a witness to the forces which Individualism represents.

The case of the post-office will enable us to see into the matter yet farther. I need hardly repeat, with reference to the post-office officials, what I have said already about the employees of public bodies generally, namely, that no enterprise is really Socialistic which allows salaries to be saved and invested as private capital. I will merely point out the fact, to which I have drawn attention in my recent volume, "*Labor and the Popular Welfare*," that the post-office, even when regarded under its most Socialistic aspect, is merely a film of Socialism supported on the sinews of Individualism. All the improved means of transport — the ocean steamers which go to America and back in twelve days now, whereas sixty years ago the same journey occupied a hundred and five — the development of railways and telegraphs, and more recently of the telephone — all of these are the children of private ability, applied with private capital; and the post-office, as compared with these, is a child riding on the shoulders of a giant. And what holds good of the post-office at the present moment, has been true of it, in a marked degree, throughout its entire history. The main improvements in its service have been due to private initiative, from the days when Murray and Dockwra, and after them Povey, started successively a penny and a half-penny post for London, and when John Allen, who rented the cross-posts in the country, trebled the business by his organization of it, to the days when mail coaches were

started by a private member of Parliament.

And now, let us go back for a moment from imperial enterprise to municipal; and take three of the special examples which Mr. Sidney Webb gives. "Bradford," he says, "supplies water below cost price." Mr. Webb entirely misses the meaning of this statement. It either means that the municipality makes a losing business of the water supply; or else, that the loss is made good by a tax on incomes which are produced by Individualistic enterprise. Therefore the Bradford water-supply is either unsuccessful Socialism, or it is not Socialism at all. Secondly, Mr. Webb tells us that "Liverpool provides science lectures;" and, thirdly, that "Manchester stocks an art gallery." The first statement really means that Liverpool secures the services of individual men of science, who give lectures. The municipality either pays the lecturers, or it does not. If it does pay them, it pays them out of a rate on Individualist incomes — so here again is another tribute to Individualism. Or, if it does not pay them, there is no municipal Socialism in the matter. We have simply an instance of the intellectual charity of the lecturers. And now, lastly, let us turn to the Manchester picture-gallery. In a public gallery itself there is nothing new; and nothing more Socialistic than there is in a cathedral. All we need consider is the pictures; and do they represent Socialism? The pictures have been either bought by the municipality, or presented to it by persons who have bought them; or it is conceivable that some of them may have been the gifts of munificent artists. But even these last — if such there are — represent, not Socialism, but private munificence. Mr. Webb will hardly maintain that there is no difference between Sir John Millais making Manchester a voluntary present of a great picture, and Sir John Millais having the same picture seized by two armed officers of a Socialist corporation, set to watch him as he worked, and to deprive him of it as soon as the last touch had been given.

Whilst if—to take the typical case—the pictures are bought and paid for, the money ultimately comes from an Individualist income on the one side, and goes to swell an Individualist income on the other. The production of pictures can be socialized in two ways only—either by depriving the artist of any property in his own work, by rendering it penal for him to possess his own pictures; or else by each hundred county or parish councillors setting to paint a masterpiece with a hundred brushes between them.

The more we examine the instances given by the Fabians of the actual evolution and development of Socialistic institutions, the more apparent does it become that these institutions represent no new Socialistic development at all; and that the only new feature or new vitality to be observed in them is due to the very forces which Socialism would supersede or smother. I am not forgetful of the fact that in institutions like the post-office, or municipal gas-works, there is an element which in strict truth may be said to partake of Socialism. But as I shall show presently there is in none of these institutions anything which in any way points to the evolution of Socialism as a working principle. There is an evolution of sentiment and of incomplete thought, which results in a belief amongst many that Socialism can be made to work. But the actual evolution of events—and the class of events especially which the Fabian writers cite—proves the exact contrary of what the Fabian writers think. I shall make this presently far more clear, but I must first turn from the Socialists' misreading of modern history, to consider their treatment of the history of social evolution generally.

III.

MISCONCEPTION BY THE SOCIALISTS OF THE NATURE OF INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION GENERALLY.

FOLLOWING the example of Karl Marx, the entire Socialist school begin their historical review of what they call the evolution of Socialism, with

the state of society which prevailed in Europe, or rather in this country, five hundred years ago; for it is to this country especially, which Marx called the "classic" example, that all their writers turn. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the Fabian volume, treads in the exact footprints of his predecessors. "I shall," he writes in his essay on "Historical Transition," "begin at the beginning. I shall make no apology for traversing centuries by leaps and bounds at the risk of sacrificing the dignity of history to the necessity of coming to the point as soon as possible. Briefly, then," he continues, "let us commence by glancing at the Middle Ages." And when he mentions the Middle Ages, what is he specially thinking of? His next sentence tells us. It is England. "There," he says, "you find, theoretically a much more orderly England than the England of to-day." Of no other country, of no other civilization, is there the smallest mention. This singular limitation of their historical vision is characteristic of the entire science of the Socialists. To whatever they give their attention they see only a fraction of it; and here, though they may be said to have actually pointed the way—as I have before observed—to the historical study of economics, they have been not only the pioneers of the true scientific method, but a warning example of the puerile and unscientific application of it. The Socialistic theorists, with very great ingenuity, trace a whole series of historical steps in the history of this country, such as the suppression of the monasteries, the growth of the wool trade and sheep-farming, which led to the development, on the one hand, of a class of landless laborers, and on the other of a capitalistic middle class, which hired these laborers as its instruments; and this process, as they point out, continued till the middle of the last century. Then the epoch of modern scientific inventions dawned, and the new motive powers and machinery introduced by men like Arkwright and Watt, acting on the industrial conditions which had by that

time evolved, resulted naturally and inevitably in the modern factory system. In place of the old mediæval organization, which at once secured and fixed each man in the position he was born to, industrial society had been at last metamorphosed into a small body of irresponsible employers, and a vast and fluid body of proletarian laborers, who could only live by working at the employer's bidding. From an historical analysis like this the Socialists argue that just as the social rule of Feudalism has given place to the individual rule of the capitalist, so the rule of the capitalist over the laborers will, by a process precisely similar in nature, give place to the rule, under Socialism, of the laborers over themselves.

The plausibility of this piece of philosophizing rests entirely, not on its inaccuracy, but on its superficiality and its incompleteness. Let us consider its incompleteness first. If we are to derive any profit from the historical study of economics, from the comparative method, and from the theory of evolution, it is absolutely useless to confine ourselves to a few isolated centuries in the life of an isolated nation. Our study must be extended, so far as our means permit, to the civilizations and barbarisms of the human race as a whole, and the most distant countries and the most distant periods must be compared. For any fragment of history, such as that to which the Socialists confine themselves, is not only a history of certain events, individuals, and populations; it is a history also of human nature, human character, human capacities; and it is only in so far as it throws light upon these that it can afford us any ground for even a plausible conjecture as to the possibility of any fundamental social change in the future. The Socialists will of course say that the five centuries of English history from which they argue do show us an example of this very thing—that is to say, a fundamental social change in the past. The answer to this brings us to the root of the matter. The answer is, that if we look below the sur-

face, and regard the history of these centuries as a history of human nature, they reveal to us no fundamental social change at all. They show us many superficial changes, many changes of form, but no change in those underlying human forces by which all the changes in form and circumstance are produced. This will be at once apparent if we summarize the historical argument of the Socialists in terms of its real meaning. Its real meaning is this. In the Middle Ages the many were controlled by the few, according to a certain elaborate and peculiar system. In the course of time this system changed so completely that the old controllers of the many lost the whole of their original power. Power of that kind, in fact, ceased to belong to anybody. A new kind of power, resting on a new basis, was developed, and centred itself in a different class of persons; and the many, emancipated from the government of one minority, became subject to the government of another. Similarly, so the Socialists argue, by a new process of change, the many emancipating themselves from this second minority as from the first, will cease to be under the government of any minority at all.

As soon as their case is thus stated, the flaw in the argument becomes apparent; for we see that the logic of it really amounts to this. Because the many were formerly under the rule of a minority of one kind, and are now under the rule of a minority of another kind, we may therefore conclude that presently they will be under the rule of no minority at all. But the palpable absurdity of this reasoning is no mere defect in formal logic. It is the result and the sign of that superficial view of history which fails to see what, at bottom, the subject matter of history is, and the limitation of view to which I alluded is the direct consequence of this. For the moment we realize that all the events of history are but so many manifestations of the force of human nature, and the moment we describe the transition from the feudal to the capitalistic systems so as to

show what is at once its most general and its most essential character, so as to exhibit it as a change in the relations between the many and the few, we at once see that it was no isolated occurrence, but that it has had its counterpart in every age and country ; and that the rudest or the earliest civilizations, however unlike ours on the surface, really offer to our study precisely parallel cases. Whenever human beings have risen from the most abject savagery, and in proportion as they have risen from it, we find presented to us a fact which is everywhere essentially identical—namely, the fact of the many being under the control of the few. The form of the control varies ; but the fact of it never varies. Its basis is sometimes military, sometimes religious, sometimes economic ; sometimes it is of all three kinds together ; but there the control is. In the early pastoral ages we have patriarchs with flocks, and herds, and servants. In ancient Egypt and Babylonia, in ancient Greece and Rome, through countless differences there appears this same phenomenon. Groups of men have been cast on distant countries, compelled to build up their social life from the foundations. They have been cast amongst new circumstances and opportunities that have been the same for all. But whatever their history may have been, it has been the history of this one thing—the evolution of a governing minority, and its relation to the governed. And what makes this fact all the more striking, is the parallel fact, that generally—though not universally—the many have constantly been rebelling against the few, attempting to make some change in the social structure ; and that in every case the end has been just the same—they may have sometimes changed masters, but they never have got rid of them. Nor is this true of the old world only. Amongst the most startling and instructive of all the facts of recorded history, are the conditions of civilization which the first discoverers of America found existing amongst the most advanced native

racés. Certain writers have cited the empire of the Incas as affording an example of vast and successful Communism ; and so far as the majority of the people were concerned there is some justification for this view of the matter. But such writers forget how this Communism was maintained. They forget to mention that the majority were under the rule of a king and a double aristocracy, as powerful and exclusive as any that could have been found in Europe ; that equality amongst the people was an equality of the most rigid poverty, though not of want ; and that all the wealth and luxury produced in the entire empire was produced for the king and the priesthood and the noble classes only.

Had the Socialistic theorists realized the above great and universal fact, they would have seen that their attempt to understand the nature and causes of Capitalism by a mere study of one isolated fragment of human history, was about as rational as an attempt to explain man's mortality by examining the accident or the illness which caused the death of a particular individual. This might be small-pox, or it might be a donkey's kick ; and if we reasoned about life as the Socialists reason about economic history, we shall inevitably come to the conclusion that human beings would be immortal if they were all vaccinated, or if there were no donkeys to kick them. And, indeed, if we had only the case of one man to study, such a conclusion would be by no means irrational. It is shown to be irrational only because we see that, as a matter of fact, all men die, however various their circumstances ; and that in each special case, accident, debility, or disease is the proximate cause of a death, but is not the cause of death. In the same way, the circumstances which led in this country to the change from feudalism to capitalism were merely the proximate causes of the transfer of power from one minority to another. They were not the causes of that great universal fact that power, under all circumstances, is in the hands of a minority always ; nor do they offer the

smallest indication that in this respect things will ever change in the future.

The real change underlying the great industrial transition, on which the Socialists build what they take to be their scientific theory, was simply a gradual change in the kind of personal superiority required by the age in pursuit of its changing ideals and its ambitions. During the Middle Ages the required superiority was mainly military. It was of more importance to defend industry than to organize it. As time went on the situation slowly reversed itself, and it became more important to organize industry than to defend it. In the mediæval world valor employed industry; in the modern world industry employs valor. And now let us look below the surface a little deeper, and we shall see that the great mental event, of which these outer changes were the expression, was the gradual withdrawal from war of the strongest intellects and characters, and their concentration on the business of production, supplemented by the development of faculties of many new kinds, which now found uses never before open to them, and which placed their possessors amongst the potentates of the new era. In a word, the military ability of the minority has gradually turned into, or has given place to, the industrial ability of the minority. And this, again, is but the expression of another fact that is deeper and wider still—the fact that no matter what the special faculties may be which under any given circumstances are most useful to a community, these faculties, in their highest degree and their most serviceable forms, are found to exist only amongst comparatively few persons; and by an inevitable and natural process these few persons become the rulers, and Democratic forms of government may conceal this fact, or modify certain of its results, but they never fundamentally alter it.

The events, then, which the Socialists have mistaken for an evolution of the economic rule of the many out of the economic rule of the minority, has really been nothing but the evolution

of a new minority out of the old; and the evolution of a minority whose special faculties and functions not only as yet show no signs of being superseded, but are every day becoming more and more necessary. It is impossible here to explain or illustrate all this in detail. I can only attempt to indicate the bare outlines of the situation; but their truth will be recognized by the many quite as clearly as by the few. The great objects involved in the contemporary aspirations of all classes, and of the majority especially, are, first the maintenance of our existing industrial productivity, and secondly the increase of it. The "labor leaders" of to-day are constantly teaching the people to look forward to a progressive shortening of the hours of labor, together with a constant increase in the total product of the community; and it is perfectly obvious that such a result is possible only by an increased intensity in the action, not of labor, but of ability. But this increased intensity in the action of ability, or, in other words, of the exceptionally gifted few, is necessary not only to increase the rate of production in proportion to the population, it is also necessary if we are to prevent the present rate of production from diminishing. When we are dealing with a population that occupies any given area—such, for instance, as the area of the British Islands—and when the number of inhabitants which we start with are very few, production will become easier as they gradually grow more numerous, up to a certain point, but up to a certain point only; and then after that it will constantly become more difficult. That is to say, when the population increases beyond a certain point, the amount of wealth produced will depend more and more, not on the amount of labor, but on the ability with which it is organized. Thirty average laborers, occupying a thousand acres, will probably produce more wealth per head than three; but a thousand average laborers, packed together on three acres, will produce nothing at all, unless they are organized and directed by ability.

Thus just as an examination of these contemporary facts, from which Socialists argue that Socialism is already in the course of developing itself, shows them to be really examples and results of a developing Individualism ; so does a wider and more philosophic study of history show us that amongst all the changes and developments of all the civilizations known to us, there is not one which even suggests a belief that the evolution of Socialism is a possibility, or which is not a step in the evolution of some new form of its opposite.

IV.

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF CONTEMPORARY INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.

AND now let us go back to the contemporary facts in question. I said that certain of them—such as the post-office, and municipal gas-works, and water-works, had one side to them, at all events, which was Socialistic actually. We have in each of these cases an industrial enterprise managed under State control, and generally managed at a profit. But what I am going to point out is, that in each of them there is a peculiar feature, which prevents them being typical of industrial enterprise generally. This peculiarity is most marked in the case of the post-office. The post-office is a distributive agency, but it distributes a kind of goods whose economic character is unique. The distribution of all other goods depends on complicated problems connected with supply and demand ; but in the case of letters—the goods which are distributed by the post-office—the supply and demand naturally and necessarily balance themselves, tradesmen's bills being almost the only kind of letter for which the demand is less than the supply. Thus the customers of the post-office naturally solve themselves difficulties which most other distributing businesses have to solve for their customers. Gas and water are examples—though much less perfect examples—of the same peculiarity. The relation between demand and supply can be gauged with exceptional ease ;

and though there are many degrees of excellence in gas and water, there is an average degree required by the general public which is easily attained, and of which everybody is a sufficient judge. If all London required a supply of mineral and aerated waters, as well as of ordinary water, and if men were as critical in their tastes with regard to them, as they are with regard to wine or beer, a Socialistic water-supply would be a very different matter. Whatever element of Socialism there may be in their enterprise, it is made possible and successful only by their exceptional simplicity ; and could the principle of competition be conveniently introduced into them, it is impossible to doubt that in each case the results would be far better. Oddly enough, one of the Fabian essayists admits that this would be the case even with the postal service in towns ; though he says that it would not be so if we take the country as a whole. In saying this he is right ; and if we consider the reason why, we shall see in all these enterprises another peculiarity, which, in a far more important way, accounts for the Socialistic element in them. They are all enterprises in which the benefits of competition would, owing to physical circumstances, be more than neutralized by its inconveniences. It is impossible to imagine a number of competing postal services ; or houses invaded by the pipes of competing water companies ; nor could we tolerate that our streets should be continually rendered impassable by the laying of new gas mains for supplying some improved gas. All the enterprises which a State can advantageously undertake, are characterized by one or other of two features, or by both of them—firstly, their exceptional simplicity ; and secondly, the fact that from their very nature it is exceptionally desirable that they should be monopolies. And now, bearing this in mind, let us look back at the civilization of the past. We shall find that State enterprise of this limited kind is no new thing. We shall find, on the contrary, that it is as old as civilization

itself, and its natural and necessary accompaniment. We shall find that it existed in the ancient world of slavery, and that there was more of it in imperial Rome than in modern London or Manchester. In order to make the truth of this more evident I will cite another example, to which I have often alluded elsewhere — namely, a street. If a public hall, as Mr. Sidney Webb seems to think, is an example of Socialism, so is a street also. Both are constructed and maintained by the public authorities; and the money for constructing and maintaining them is extracted from the pockets of the community. But unless the existence of streets in London and Manchester is altogether a new sign of the times, portending the evolution of a new social order, there is no such sign to be found in public halls and municipal gas-works.

I began my previous paper in this review with observing that the word Socialism was used loosely and in various senses; and that in one of them only did it stand for any opinion or principle which essentially differentiates Socialists from men of any other party. But it is not only the general public which is confused by the ambiguity of the term. The Socialists themselves, and the Fabian essayists in especial, are confused by it also; and whilst they fancy themselves to be arguing for the principle which separates them from their opponents, they are often unconsciously defending and advocating views which all the world holds as strongly and intelligently as they do. I shall now be able to make intelligible to the reader what these various and confusing meanings attached to the word Socialism are. They are, broadly speaking, three; and, whilst still retaining the word, the three different things meant may be classified and distinguished thus — as *Incidental Socialism*, *Supplementary Socialism*, and *Fundamental Socialism*. A street is an example of the first; the income tax is an example of the second; and the doctrine that men will exert themselves to produce income

when they know that the State is virtually an organized conspiracy to rob them of it, is not only an example, but also the substance of the third. If the word Socialism has any distinctive meaning, and if Socialists in any way are a distinct and peculiar party, what Socialism means is this third thing — Fundamental Socialism. It is to the examination of this that, in these papers, I have thus far addressed myself; and I have aimed at showing the reader — or rather showing him how to show himself — that it is nothing more than a foolish dream and delusion, repugnant alike to the teaching of common sense and of history, and important only because it is at once plausible and dangerous — not dangerous because it could ever be realized, but because incalculable harm might be done by vain attempts to realize it.

But it is not my only aim to enforce this negative conclusion, nor is it my chief aim. I have emphasized the dangers and the fallacies of Fundamental Socialism, mainly with a view to separating from it Incidental and Supplementary Socialism; and have thus urged all conservatives to be on their guard against the former, mainly with a view to showing them that they need not be afraid of the latter. In the social and political gospel preached by the Socialists, and preached by the Fabian essayists with more than ordinary ability, there is a mixture of profound and wholesome truth, with the most puerile falsehood. My aim is to show that the truth may be appropriated by all of us, whilst we leave the falsehood behind, as the sole shibboleth of a mischievous and misguided sect. In order to explain this, let me explain the names I have given to these two forms of so-called Socialism, of which no Individualist need be afraid.

I have called institutions, such as a street or a public building, or, we may add, the fortifications of a town, examples of *Incidental Socialism* because institutions of this kind are incidental to all civilized life. And I have referred to them because they afford

us the simplest and most self-evident proof that the fact of great institutions being maintained by the State for society, is no sign that society is Socialistic, or on its way to Socialism. I have spoken of the income tax as an example of *Supplementary Socialism*, because the kind of institutions it represents are not necessarily incidental to civilization. They are, indeed, in its earlier stages impossible, and came into being, and can come into being, only as the crowning result of wealth, when it is increased beyond a certain point by the intensified operation of ability. This *Supplementary Socialism* includes not only the income tax, but any appropriation by means of rates or otherwise from private income, and the use of it for public purposes, such as the providing of free libraries, free education, or free ferry-boats. On the surface, no doubt, this looks like Fundamental Socialism—like the Socialism of the Fabian essayists; and for that reason many people are afraid of it. It is in reality the very negative of that Socialism, being, as I have said before, rendered possible only by the existence of wealth increased and maintained by the forces of Individualism; and so long as this fact is steadily borne in mind, though the principle of *Supplementary Socialism* is capable of foolish application, there is in the principle itself nothing that conservatism need fear. On the contrary, conservatives may recognize it as capable of indefinite, though not indiscriminate, extension. There is no reason, so far as the fundamental principles go, that the most rigid economic conservative should not outbid the Socialists in their endeavors to secure for the masses supplementary benefits from the State. He might advocate the provision for them of free theatres so long as he remembered that these would ultimately have to be paid for out of the income produced by individual ability, and that if too much is taken from it this year, there may next year be none to take.

Here we see the truth of the observation of one of the Fabian essayists, which I have already quoted. "Al-

though Socialism involves State control, State control does not involve Socialism. It is not so much the thing the State does, as to the end for which the State does it, that we must look, before we can decide whether it is a Socialistic State or not;" and no policy is Socialistic, he proceeds to tell us, "which would prolong the life of private capital a single hour." Nothing can be more true than this. Here is the one point—the one essential point, as to which economic conservatism joins issue with Socialism. Let me express by a simple figure the character of their opposition. The larger part of our annual national wealth is, as has been said already, the product not of the labor of the many but of the ability of the few. The few, with "the scarce brains," produce the only part of our wealth that grows, therefore the continued exertion of the few is recognized as a necessity by both parties. But the motive of the few in producing has been the prospect of enjoying what they produce, partly in the form of immediate profits, but mainly in the deferred form of rent and interest. Now we may not inaptly call motive the fuel of action. Profits, rent, and interest, these are the fuel of industrial ability, just as coal is the fuel of the steam-engine. The practical teaching of Socialists as bearing on the immediate situation is simply that the fuel is being consumed wastefully, and that it is possible to reduce the quantity; and if we take this teaching apart from any ulterior significance, it may come from a conservative reformer just as well as from the Socialist. The two, in fact, may be in exact agreement. But if we look not to this teaching alone, but to the views and aims underlying it, we are at once in presence of the essential antagonism of the two; for the aim of the conservative reformer is so to improve the engine, that whilst reducing the consumption of coal, we may maintain the effective heat of the fire, or with the same consumption increase the heat; whilst a reduction in consumption is advocated by the Socialist only as a step towards

raking the fire out. The object of one is to generate more steam with the least wasteful fire; the dream of the other is to generate it without any fire at all.

Let us return from the language of metaphor to that of actual fact. The Socialists say that they value no reforms that do not tend to the extinction of private capital and Individualism. The conservatives may answer, if they have only courage to do so, that they dread none. They need not be afraid of the State doing anything that is beneficial to the people, so long as in securing the money required for such a purpose, it does nothing to discourage the action of that individual ability, which alone can supply the funds necessary to such State beneficence.

If our economic conservatives will only realize this, if they will separate the truths which the Socialists are popularizing from the falsehoods, and adopt the former at the same time that they expose the latter, they will find that the more boldly and completely they face the labor question, the easier will the vindication of their position in the eyes of the community become to them. The ideal, in fact, towards which they will be able to point the people, may be not inaccurately described as Socialism without its impossibilities.

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CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN
MEMOIRS.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

AT MENNECY.

I HAVE already mentioned my father's tour in America when he went to deliver those lectures which had been so successful in England. Saying good-bye is the price one has to pay even for a prosperous and fortunate expedition. I can still see him as he stood on the platform of the railway-station at Olten, in Belgium, where we parted. He stood by a slender iron column, looking very tall and very sad as he watched the train go off in which

we were bound for Switzerland with our grandparents. He himself was returning to England through Germany. He had to correct the proofs of "Esmond" before he left, and to give some more lectures in the provinces, and to wind up things at home.

My grandmother was very miserable and nervous. She had brought him a life-belt for his cabin as a farewell gift, and thoroughly frightened herself by so doing. We were too young to be nervous, but we were very unhappy. Our dear old grandfather did his best to cheer us all, and after we had parted from my father he made out all sorts of pleasant little plans, and ordered various special *compotes* and tartlets at the hotels suited to our youthful appetites. He took us for walks and to visit museums, and he always consulted any fellow travellers and sightseers as to our next movements. Indeed our journeyings greatly depended upon these chance encounters and recommendations. The first night, when we put up at some little inn, the waiter brought us the travellers' book to write our names in; I forget all about the place, but I can see the book and the table spread, and what I do most vividly remember is our despair when, instead of the neat *Mr. Thackeray and family* to which we were used, we read the following announcement in our grandfather's handwriting: *Schmid Major, en retraite, avec Madame sa épouse et ses deux Mademoiselles*. My grandmother, sad as she was, began to laugh, and we all entreated our dear old major to make some changes in the inscription, but he stuck to it, and would not alter a single letter.

We reached Geneva after some days. There at the *poste restante* we found various letters waiting, and news of our father. "As for the arrival at this place [he was writing from Salzburg], it's like entering into fairyland, it is so beautiful; and the Tyrol is delightful too, but not like our Switzerland. And one Swiss cottage is uncommonly like another, and with five or six days of rocks and pine woods I feel somehow as if I've had

enough!" Then a little further on he writes: "Give my love to my dearest mother, and have her to understand that this blew devil of which I complain is only an artistic blew devil, and that he comes always before I get to work, and that there is no other reason. . . . There is bad music here for a wonder at the beer garden; though I amused myself very well there yesterday, opposite a pretty little child of three years, who ate three sausages with her fingers and without any bread, all except a little bit which she gave out of her mouth to her mamma. And I went up a hill to a Capuchin convent and saw some of my favorite dirty scoundrels with beards, and the town clinks all over with Austrian sabres."

I never think of Geneva and of those particular days without a curious feeling of terror and emotion. We were in some tall hotel with windows looking towards the lake, and it was lovely summer weather but it was a dismal time. My dear grandmother sought for sympathy among the people to whom she was naturally drawn, the masters and teachers belonging to the Protestant Church in Geneva. They were interesting and important personages, who inspired me with a curious mixture of respect and discomfort, and to whom my grandmother had brought various introductions from her friends the French Protestant *pasteurs* at Paris.

There was a garden to which she took me, not far from our hotel, with beautiful shady trees and spreading grass. In the garden stood a white chapel, clean, light, bare, decorous, with some black and white marble ornamentations. A woman in a black frilled cap showed us to our seats and there we waited, listening for some time to a clanging bell. Then the service began. Only one or two people came to it, but the place, although to others it might speak of most fervent and passionate emotion, seemed oppressive with chill and silent religion to me. When all was over, my grandmother had some low-voiced conversation with the woman in the black cap,

who beckoned to the bell-ringer, and the result of the whispering was that, after a short delay, we were led across the grass and under the trees to a retired part of the garden where in the shade of some bushes sat an old man of very noble aspect, with long, white hair falling on his shoulders. He looked to me like some superior being. Indeed, to my excited imagination it seemed as if I was being brought up to the feet of a prophet, to some inspired person who was sitting there in authority and in judgment on all the rest of the world. This old man was M. César Malan, the head of a section of the Calvinist Church in Geneva, whose name was well known and very widely respected. He had built the chapel in his garden. Not a little to my consternation, after a few words with my grandmother, he immediately, with the utmost kindness, began asking me questions about myself, about my convictions, my religious impressions, my hopes, my future aspirations. He was very kind, but even an angel from heaven would be alarming, suddenly appearing to a girl of fifteen with such a catechism. The more kindly he pressed me, the less able I was to answer. Sometimes I said too much, sometimes I was hopelessly silent, and in the midst of a nervous discussion as to the ultimate fate of Judas (I felt somewhat akin to him myself) the scene ended in my bursting into tears of embarrassment and hopeless confusion. I was consoled on our return to the hotel by my grandfather, who was most sympathetic. "Those, my dear child," he said, "who have studied deeply, who are able to read the Scriptures in the original, are far more likely than you or I to be able to judge correctly upon such important subjects, and we had therefore better leave such things entirely to their decision."

That next winter, which we spent in Paris, we used to attend the classes of a man even better known than César Malan, Adolphe Monod, who remains to me one of the most striking and noble figures I have ever met; his face, his dark eyes, all spoke as well as his

eloquent voice, and above all his earnest life and ways. To me he seemed the St. Paul of my own time; and those classes which cost so many tears and which gave rise to so much agitated discussion, are still among the most touching and heart-reaching experiences of my life. I can see the girls' faces now, as they listened to their beloved *pasteur*. Our hearts were in our lessons, as his was in his teaching, undoubtedly; we were all in earnest and ready to follow; only, though I longed to be convinced, I could only admire and love the lesson and the teacher as well. He warned, encouraged, explained in his earnest, gentle voice. "Ah, mes enfants," I can hear him saying, "fuyez, fuyez ce monde!" Fly the world! If ever the world was delightful and full of interest it was then — the daily task, the hour and its incidents eventful and absorbing; if ever our hearts were open to receive, not to reject, it was then. M. Monod himself was no unimportant factor in my world. I once saw Faraday, who reminded me of him. He had come to see my grandmother and I met him on the staircase, but he passed me by, and did not recognize me out of my place in the second row of chairs, nor did I venture to speak to him. I still remember the strange thrill we felt, and which ran in a whisper along the class, when we heard that Henrietta P. had been refused her first communion for going to a ball within a week of the event. She came no more to the meetings. The girls sat in their places on rows of straw chairs, and many of the parents accompanied them. Sometimes in a corner by the window holding up a small Bible, in which he followed the references with attention, there sat an oldish gentleman, who was (so we were told) the great prime minister, M. Guizot.

My father did not sail for America till the autumn of that year, but we remained on at Paris with our grandparents. The sun streamed into our apartment all day long, for we had windows looking to every side of the compass. In the spring, when Paris

was getting hot, we started for the country, where my grandfather had taken a country house on a lease for two or three years, in a village called Mennecy, near Corbeil. Mennecy was a straggling little village among peat fields, crossed by narrow, black streams, or canals, of the color of the peat. Growing by the banks were long rows of stumpy willow-trees, cut year by year for the sake of the osiers which were sold to the basket-makers. Here and there, perhaps at the turn of the stream, some single tree had been allowed to grow to its natural dimensions, forming a sequestered nook where some of us used to bathe on hot summer days. Two friends of my grandmother's, Laura and Pauline C., were with us most of the time we were living in this *villegiatura*, and Pauline especially loved the water, and used to come home fresh and smiling and pluming herself after her cool divings.

There was an old paved *place* in the centre of the village, leading to a fine old church well served and well frequented, of which the Sunday bells clanged far across the country. We used to see the congregation assembling in cheerful companies, arriving from outlying farms, and greeting each other in the market-place before the mass began; a congregation with more of talk and animation than with us, with blue smocks and white linen *coiffes* and picturesque country cloaks and *sabots*. We used somewhat ruefully to wish to follow Pauline and Louise (our cross maid-of-all-work) through the swing doors behind which the incense was tossing and the organ rolling out its triumphant fugue. A Roman Catholic service seems something of a high festival, coming round Sunday after Sunday, a rite bringing excitement and adoration along with it. Our own village church-bells also ring out, calling to the peaceful congregations; it is to something not unlike, but with a difference, something more tranquil, more free, and more full of individual feeling.

My grandparents' house had once been a hunting-lodge belonging to

Henry the Fourth, who loved the neighborhood and frequented Compiègne long years before the President Louis Napoleon, or the Emperor Napoleon the Third, and his courtiers, and their ladies in hunting-costumes, and with spirited horses and *fanfarons*, all followed the chase. I don't remember ever seeing any of them, but we had a general impression that these hunting companies were about, and any day a gay procession, not unlike something out of a fairy-tale, might come riding past our old gates. They were old, creaking gates which had once been green, now grey and weather-stained; our high walls which had once been white, were also green and stained and overgrown by a vine. M. Roche had given us "*Jocelyn*" to read about a year before, and I used to think of the description of the *cure's* home as I stood in the old courtyard at Mennecey, with its well and its vine-clad walls. There was an old well with a wrought iron top to it and a rope, and there was a vine travelling along the margin and spreading beyond it, along the wrought iron railing, to the pretty, old iron gate dividing the courtyard from the old garden at the back, which with its dainty, rusty iron scrolls excluded the cocks and hens, that flapped and picketed and strutted all day long in the front court, and roosted at night in the great empty stables opposite our house.

The hunting-lodge before it had become our home had been turned into a farm; the knights and cavaliers had made way for blouses and cow-herds, and the hunters had given up their stalls to heavy cart-horses, though, indeed, there was room to spare for any number of either. But the farmer died in time and his widow married the milkman, and she let the old place to my grandfather, who had a special purpose in coming to Mennecey.

A flight of stone steps led from the courtyard to the house, just as one sees in Scotland, which looks so like France in places. Our front windows opened on to a garden, and the passages and the sitting-rooms were panelled in some parts. We could walk all round the

drawing-room between the panels and the walls; nor was it dark within the wainscot, for there were two little windows at either end to give light to the spiders and the active mice who chiefly frequented this passage. The floors were all of brick, on which we had laid a carpet, and my grandmother had brought a blue sofa and chairs from Paris, and hired a piano in Corbeil.

"*Quel charmant meuble!*" our neighbor the maire used to say when he came in of an evening, bowing politely to the piano and then to us. Polished rosewood! ivory keys! gilt handles! he was genuine in his enthusiastic admiration. To hear him, one would think there had never been such a piano since the world began. It got very much out of tune, but that did not shake our faith in it. We gave parties on the strength of the *charmant meuble*. Piano-company (so we considered ourselves) was not so very common in the neighborhood. Laura could play (as she still does) to the delight of her listeners; Pauline had a very sweet *mezzo-contralto* voice and used to sing to the piano and to us of summer evenings. M. le Maire was also very fond of singing and of being accompanied. His wife was not musical, but our young ladies were very patient and kind, and used to repeat the more difficult passages over and over again for him, and try not to laugh when he went very much out of tune. My sister and I used to find the panelled passages a convenient retreat occasionally, when a note went very wildly astray; or we could always run out through the French windows into the garden, where the grasshoppers' concert would also strike up of fine summer evenings, and seemed to whistle and spread far, far beyond the corn-fields and the poppy-heads. There was a terrace at the end of the garden where a pavilion stood overlooking the highroad, from which we could see the regiments as they passed on their way to Corbeil, and the dragoons watering their horses at the little village inn. All along this terrace grew pumpkin plants which we scarcely noticed when we first arrived,

although we were full of admiration for the luxuriant vines hanging from all the walls, and of which one charming, tunnelled avenue ran right across a corner of the garden. Pauline and I used to sit there that summer time under the green shadows, making believe to learn Italian with Goldoni and a dictionary. That is to say, I was making believe; she not only learned the language, but married a Milanese gentleman in after years. Only the other day, as we sat entranced by Madame Dusc's gracious inspirations, I seemed for the first time to enter into the real spirit of those bygone and almost forgotten studies. Goldoni suddenly came to life again, and I thought of the old green vine avenue, and the books I had been bored by as a girl began to speak to me for the first time. As the autumn went on myriads of wasps appeared; the grapes swelled and turned to golden sweetness; we used to go into the garden with hunches of bread, and gather our own breakfasts and luncheons growing on the walls. Along with the grapes came the pumpkins, and they also grew. Cinderella's were nothing to them; the huge balls came swelling and rolling down upon us, coloring and rising in every direction. We got frightened at last, it seemed wicked to waste them; we boiled them, we passed them through sieves, we steeped them in milk by the maire's advice. At the end of three or four days we absolutely loathed them. The pigs of the neighborhood, already satiated with pumpkin, refused to touch them any more. On the fifth day a neighbor sent us in a great basketful as a present. We were literally bombarded with pumpkins that year, but let us hope it was a specially good year for fruit.

I said that my grandfather had a special purpose in view when he brought us to Mennecey. Our dear Colonel Newcome had a fancy that he could rehabilitate the family fortunes by establishing a manufactory for peat fuel which was to be made by the help of an ingenious machine. It had been invented by an old friend, who had

sold him the patent for a certain sum and as a special favor. This same friend, who seems to have been ingenious, though an expensive acquaintance, had also invented a wooden horse which was to supersede the usual living quadrupeds. It had the great advantage of only eating coal and coke, but I believe it was found all the same to be much more expensive than the real animal, and far less intelligent. I remember seeing the ingeniously carved hoofs of the wooden horse standing on the piano, with a drawing for his cast iron inside. I was only once shown the peat-machine; it looked something like a stove and used to be poked by an old woman, while a little boy with a barrow brought up the peat which was then and there turned into black cakes. We never made our fortunes out of the peat, but we burnt a great stack of it which glowed bright and clear and lasted through several winters, and I believe the whole thing was finally handed over to an experimentalist on the spot, who may still be there for all I know. He was a short and swarthy man who used to come and bargain in the dining-room at enormous length.

As my grandparents had spent several summers at Mennecey they had made acquaintance with the two or three neighbors, and with the family at the château. We used to pass the château when we walked along the highroad which was divided from the park by a wall. Here and there were iron gates through which we could see into the shady avenues of poplar-trees and nut-trees, and in one place where an old bridge crossed a stream, we caught sight of the old white house with its shutters and chimneys and high, slated roof. There had been another, a finer one, before this, we were told, standing in a different corner of the same park. A fine old gateway still remained with its heraldic carvings and mementoes of the past, but the road had travelled on elsewhere and no longer passed under it, as it did once long ago when the king's hunt used to come along the avenue which now led

from nothing to nowhere. There is a description of this very place in a book which a good friend, whom I have never seen, has lately written, in Lucien Perey's delightful memoirs concerning President Hénault and Madame Du Deffand: "The first château belonged to the early days of Louis XV., and was inhabited by the great Maréchal de Villeroi," says the book. "Remy Hénault had a pretty country house at Etioles [Etioles comes back to me with its willow-trees and dark amber canals]; it was the house that Madame de Pompadour afterwards lived in. Hénault used to spend part of the year there, and as his son was fond of sport he bought for him from the Maréchal de Villeroi a rangership and the place of governor of Corbeil. The old maréchal took a fancy to young Hénault and used to keep him to stay at the château and also at his little house at Soisy near Etioles. As ranger of the district Hénault often received the dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Berry, who used to come with a small suite to Villeneuve-Saint-Georges. The dauphin used to hunt wolves, accompanied by the ranger; the young princes only shot pheasants. It is curious nowadays to think of people hunting wolves at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges," continues Lucien Perey, still conjuring up my past for me, and then he gives a note, saying: "The remains of the Château de Villeroi still exist on the right hand of the road from Corbeil to Mennecy, a road which is always called in the country 'La route de Villeroi.'" And this was the road along which we used to straggle of summer evenings.

The people who were living at the château when we lived at Mennecy (the first château I believe was burned down during the first Revolution), were retired manufacturers who had given up business and who now dwelt at ease and in dignity, sheltered by the high, slated roofs and chimneys of the old place. My grandparents had been introduced to the family by our friend the maire, and when we all went up to call with him one day, the younger

members of the party were not without hopes of finding some companions there, for we had seen a girl of about our own age, who was, so the maire told us, an heiress, and the only daughter of the house. As we walked up through the park we met the gardener, who left his work to escort us to the front door, calling loudly to a maid who sat darning stockings in the marble hall. She in turn put down her work and disappeared through a tall, carved doorway, returning almost immediately to ask us to go in. We found ourselves in a big drawing-room with polished floors, and with many tall windows opening to the garden; some of them were shuttered and curtained, and the room was rather dark. In it sat, in a semi-circle with chairs ready placed, the stout mother, the burly father, and the broad-shouldered heiress in her plaid frock. They received us very coldly, looking at us with curiosity and aloofness as if we had been specimens of some strange, unknown race. I thought the gardener and the sewing-maid also stared at us, when they returned, almost immediately, with trays of refreshment,—biscuits and glasses of beer which were handed round already poured out. I do not know if this was a custom peculiar to the neighborhood, or only to this particular family. The young lady seemed surprised that we should refuse. "What, English, and you do not take beer?" she said, placing her tumbler between her knees. Between her draughts she then went on to ask us many questions about that strange country to which we belonged, about our outlandish ways and singular habits. It was a very different catechism from M. Malan's. "Did we ever go to church at all?" "Did we ever say any prayers?" "Did not heretics fast on Sunday instead of making it a *fête* day?" "Had we ever heard of the Virgin Mary (surprise expressed) and the saints (more surprise)?" Our friend the maire saw with pain that we young ladies were not getting on, and tried to bring the conversation round to other more congenial topics than those fundamental

differences for which we should all have burned one another a century before ; he therefore introduced the piano by way of a diversion, the *charmant meuble* from Corbeil, and I could see that we slightly rose in our host's estimation, but I came away all the same very much put out. It is disagreeable to be both damned in the future and looked down upon in the present, as one belonging to an ignorant and barbarous race. I felt as if all the Catholic saints in Paradise, certainly all the French ones, were shrugging their shoulders at us when we came away, and I spoke quite crossly to M. le Maire when he asked me what I thought of the château.

There used to be an odd, stout figure walking about Mennecy in a workman's blouse and loose trousers, with a cropped head of black hair and an old casquette. We were told that it was a woman ; and a wholly suppositious impression once arose in my mind long after that it might have been George Sand herself. I passed quite close by on one occasion, when the mysterious personage looked round and then turned away, and I thrilled from head to foot. How odd those mysterious moments are when nothing seems to be happening, but which nevertheless go on all the rest of one's life. I saw a face stolid and sad, giving me an impression of pain and long endurance which comes back still. It seemed to be a woman's face, flabby and tanned, not old. There was no gaiety in it, no adventure in the eyes ; but expiation, endurance, defiance, I know not what tragedy was expressed by that thick-set, downcast figure. I have now, alas, no doubt that it was not George Sand. I had not read any of her books then, but we had many things to read besides in the old garden. There were various books my father had given us and told us to read during his absence, Macaulay's essays among them ; and there was "Pendennis," which I had brought away from home, and which has always seemed to me more like hearing him talk than any other of his books ; and above all there were his letters which

came from time to time. He was giving lectures at Manchester and elsewhere before sailing for America, and there is one of his letters folded in three and addressed on the back to my sister at Mennecy, Seine-et-Oise. "You see here is the stuck-up hand as you like it best. . . . I have not a great deal to say in the stuck-up hand. Kensington is so gloomy that I can't stand it. . . . How dismal it must be for poor Eliza [Eliza was the housekeeper] who has no friends to go to, who must stop in the kitchen all day. As I think of her I feel inclined to go back and sit in the kitchen with Eliza, but I dare say I shouldn't amuse her much, and after she had told me about the cat and how her father was, we should have nothing more to say to one another. Last week I was away at Manchester, when I broke down in a speech before three thousand ladies and gentlemen. I felt very foolish, but I tried again at night and did better, and as there is nothing more wicked in breaking down in a speech than in slipping on a bit of orange-peel and breaking one's nose, why I got up again, and made another speech at night without breaking down. It's all custom, and most people can no more do it than they can play the piano without learning. I hope you and — are learning hard to play me to sleep when I come back from America. I believe I am going to Birmingham next week with the lectures, and then to Manchester, and then, — Steward, bring me a basin !"

Many years afterwards, when I was married, the good and beautiful Lady Pease gave us the great pleasure of meeting Mr. John Bright at dinner at her house. I sat next Mr. Bright, and he began speaking to me of my father, and of this very time. "I remember," he said, "taking him to a meeting at Manchester, just before he went to America with his lectures. He broke down, and he was very much annoyed, and he said to me : 'Who will ever come and hear me lecture if I break down like this before such a number of people ?' And I said to him : 'Never you mind ; very few people don't break

down at one time or another. You come along with me this evening ; I'm going to another meeting ; I'm not going to speak to fine fal-lal folks, but to a set of good, honest working men, and you must try again.' And he spoke," said Mr. Bright in his downright way, "and I never heard a better speech in all my life ; it was a capital speech, and they were all delighted with him." And then and there Mr. Bright told me another little anecdote of my father, whom he had met a short while before his death at the Reform Club. He said that as he was passing through the hall, he met him standing in his way and he stepped back, took off his hat, and stood with it in his outstretched hand. "What is that for ?" said Mr. Bright. "Why do you hold your hat like that ?" "Because I see the most consistent politician I know going by," said my father, "and I take off my hat to him."

Then my father sailed for America, and people were very kind to us, and wrote to us with news of him. "Esmond" came for my grandmother, and a box which we received at Paris puzzled us very much, and delighted us no less than it puzzled us. It contained a magnificent iced cake, anonymously and carefully packed with strips of many-colored paper. It was not my father who had sent it, as we imagined, nor was it till long afterwards that we discovered that the sender was Mrs. Procter. Many things are remembered of her, but how many kind deeds there have been of hers without a name to them !

Once the letters began to arrive from America we were all much happier, for we seemed in touch with him once more, and to know what was happening. He was fairly well and in good spirits, and making friends and making money. I remember his writing home on one occasion and asking us to send him out a couple of new stomachs, so hospitable were his friends over the water, so numerous the dinners and suppers to which he was invited. When the long summer and winter were over and the still longer spring,

suddenly one day we heard that he was coming back much sooner than he expected. I believe he saw a steamer starting for home and could stand it no longer, and then and there came off.

I can still remember sitting with my grandparents, expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front-door bell. My grandmother broke down ; my sister and I rushed to the front door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood until a second and much louder ringing brought us to our senses. "Why didn't you open the door ?" said my father stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all.

From The Contemporary Review.

SHAKESPEARE'S NATURAL HISTORY.

A NEW LIGHT ON "TITUS ANDRONICUS."

DR. JOHNSON, speaking of "Titus Andronicus," says, "All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them ; for the color of the style is wholly different from that of the rest of the other plays." What the "color of the style" may mean I must leave to other critics to decide ; but if continuity of sentiment and sympathy, of observation and tradition, of fact and fancy, of serious opinion and whim, of thought and word, upon every point connected with nature, has any tendency to prove and establish the common authorship of "Titus Andronicus" and, let me say, the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Hamlet," or "Midsummer Night's Dream," why, then, Shakespeare was, surely, the writer of all four.

There are two lines on which authorship may be disputed—namely, the absence of that tone of thought and of expressions that are familiar in the alleged author, or the presence of a

tone of thought and of expressions which are foreign to him. Upon which ice will the critics venture in the present case?

Are there in the natural history of this play any peculiarities which might be quoted as evidence against Shakespeare's authorship? Yes, there are two; but even these very peculiarities themselves, considered with a full knowledge of the natural history of the whole of Shakespeare, will be seen to be the strongest evidence in favor of his having written the play.

For instance, three times in a single act in this play the writer uses the word "panther." Titus invites the emperor "to hunt the panther;" Marcus boasts to the emperor that he has dogs which "will rouse the proudest panther in the chase," and Aaron the Moor leads the emperor to the place where, he says, he "espied the panther fast asleep."

That animal is never mentioned again in Shakespeare's plays.

But, after all, this singularity of the panther in the play is not more curious than another in "Troilus and Cressida" (which is not doubted to be Shakespeare's) in which *the elephant* is mentioned *three times* and never again (except for an allusion to a pitfall in "Julius Cæsar") in the whole of the plays.

Now, the elephant was obviously a far more useful beast to Shakespeare, being more familiar and more abounding in suggestion and curiosity than the panther, which, after all, was only a variant of the "leopard," the "libbard," and the "pard," all of which Shakespeare uses. Yet Shakespeare, having once employed that striking beast the elephant, discards it forever. This was a way of his. So the critic may make nothing out of this appearance of a solitary panther in "Titus Andronicus."

Nor can he make any more out of the other singularity of the play — namely, that it contains the one and only mention in all his works of the mistletoe — "the baleful mistletoe." With all his woods, not a single bunch

of mistletoe! A play like "Cymbeline" has not a reference to it.

Yet if any one will glance over the bard's flora he will find that Shakespeare uses a great number of common plants only once, — for instance, the holly, poppy, clover, brambles, lavender, and harebell, etc., and, most remarkable of all perhaps (and, in a hunter, such as Shakespeare undeniably was, quite inexplicable), *fern*. For it is a fact that, in spite of all the miles he must have ridden and walked through, the scores of deer he must have startled from the fern, the times innumerable he must have lain down to hide or rest in the fern, he only mentions the plant once, and then it is to refer to the fictitious properties of its seed. This neglect of the common country flora is distinctly characteristic of Shakespeare. Among other trees he only mentions the ash once (and then as the shaft of a Volscean spear!), the birch once, as furnishing "threatening twigs," the lime-tree once. Among others, he never mentions at all the walnut-tree, the larch, the fir, the chestnut, the alder, the poplar, or — the beech. So that the play of "Titus Andronicus" remains without even the superficial evidence of any distinguishing peculiarities in its natural history.

For the rest, the natural history throughout the play is so absolutely identical with that of all the other plays attributed to Shakespeare that if any one else wrote "Titus Andronicus" he must have been so soaked with Shakespeare that it oozed out of him at every point without his knowing it; he fairly *dripped* Shakespeare as he went, larding the earth with him. Or else, if any such man there was, he was Shakespeare's master. He wrote "Titus Andronicus," and then Shakespeare, with an industrious and humble fidelity to his classic that one would hardly have expected from his imperious genius, closely imitated the natural history of that play in every one of the rest.

To begin with his quadrupeds. Titus Andronicus calls the empress Tamora

"a heinous tiger;" and Lavinia, talking to the empress in the presence of her sons, calls them the "tiger's" young ones. Why did they not call Tamora a tigress? Because Shakespeare never uses that word throughout his works. He calls the female beast "tiger," and its mate, when he wishes to specify it particularly, "a male tiger" (Coriolanus). So the Duke of York says that Queen Margaret (who is elsewhere a "bitch" and a "she-wolf"), has a "tiger's" heart, and Lear calls his daughters "tigers."

Again, we have the expression, "Rome is but a wilderness of tigers." (Elsewhere he has "a wilderness of sea," and "a wilderness of monkeys.") In "Timon of Athens" we have: "Athens has become a forest of beasts." Which is Shakespeare?

The bear-whelp's dam is with the lion deeply still in league.

I wonder if any critic ever thought this passage "unworthy" of Shakespeare? Here we have a "tiger" (Tamora) who has a bear for her first husband and a lion for her second. But it is Shakespeare none the less, authentic and undeniable. In the same play, for instance, Tamora warns her sons not to let "the wasp" live after they have robbed it of "its honey;" and Marcus, addressing a mob, says most absurdly:

You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

From other plays many, and equally curious, examples of a fine "plurality of metaphors" may be quoted. For instance, in "All's Well that Ends Well" (Act iii., Scene 6), fox, sprat, and bird are mixed:—

2nd LORD: We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafen. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you will see this very night.

1st LORD: I must go look to my twigs; he shall be caught.

Again, from "Much Ado about Nothing" (Act i., Scene 3), where we have bear, ape, and bird in a sentence:—

DON JOHN: I am trusted with a muzzle, enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage.

Is it easy to believe that any one imitating Shakespeare would, like a Chinese tailor, reproduce on the new garment the patches and rents on the old one given him for a pattern? or that any one would, with deliberate industry, mimic the faults of the other's carelessness?

In "Titus Andronicus" there are three other references to lions, all of which are noteworthy. One is "the mountain lioness," a phrase used by Aaron to express his own intense ferocity when roused, and illustrates Shakespeare's partiality for the use of mountain as an aggravating adjective. His "mountain" snow is the coldest, his "mountain" pines the hardiest, his "mountain" cedars the loftiest, his "mountain" winds the fiercest, and his "mountain" goats the wildest. All poets after him (and before him for the matter of that) similarly suggested an extra intensity by the prefix "mountain."

Another occurs in the following:—

Yet have I heard—oh, could I find it now—

The lion moved with pity, etc., etc.

Now Lucius (in the same play) speaking, says:—

Her life was beastlike, and devoid of pity.

Here we have both sides of this question supported. And it is very curious that in a "disputed" play this favorite indecision of Shakespeare's should be set forward in such neat antithesis. In "Richard III.," again, we have it quite as compactly. On the one side:

ANNE: No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity;
on the other:—

CLARENCE: Not to relent is beastly.

In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Demetrius threatens to leave Helena alone "to the mercy of wild beasts," as more pitiless than himself, to which

Helena retorts, "The wildest hath not such a heart as you." And from the other plays at least a score of opinions can be collected to favor either view, while in "*Troilus and Cressida*" they will be found combined, as it were, in a couplet : —

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

As a matter of fact, Shakespeare never made up his mind to his own satisfaction whether beasts had any pity or not, and, accordingly, as it suited his present purpose, he made them either superior to man by the possession of an instinct of mercy, or inferior by its non-possession. Scattered up and down the plays will be found plenty of expressions to support either fancy, and in some, as in "*Titus Andronicus*," both sides are taken. Would so curious an ambiguity have suggested itself to a second person ?

Nor should it be overlooked that the lion which Lavinia especially instances as being, traditionally, credited with generosity — he "did endure to have his princely paws pared all away" (ii. 3) — is almost invariably in the other plays of Shakespeare treated in sympathy with that tradition of "the royal disposition of that beast" (*As You Like It*).

The boar occurs as "the chafed boar." In "*Taming of the Shrew*" we have "boar chafed with sweat," and in "*Henry VI.*" will be found "chafed bull" ("Warwick rages like a chafed bull"), and in "*Henry VIII.*," "chafed lion." The king has just gone by, and Wolsey, prescient of coming doom, says : —

He parted frowning from me as if ruin leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion upon the daring huntsman that has galled him.

The references to "domesticated" animals are all Shakespearean. The dog of the proverb is there and the dog of bear-baiting, and the "hell-hound" that we meet again in "*Macbeth*" and "*Richard III.*," and the "fell cur" (also in "*Henry VI.*") "of bloody kind" (*Richard III.*), and the "in-

human dog," a term of abuse that recurs in "*Othello*." This reminds me to say that the student will find the comparison of the two Moors, Aaron and Othello, a very interesting study.

The lamb is mentioned in a passage that is a paraphrase of another in "*Richard II.* : " —

In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild.
It runs : —

When we all join in league,
I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean, swells not so as Aaron storms.

This antithesis is a very favorite one of the poet's and is worth another word here for its reference to the ocean, for Shakespeare repeatedly uses the sea as exceeding the lion in its rage, as the superlative superlative of furiousness.

There is only one allusion to the ass. "Now what a thing it is to be an ass !" says Aaron, aside of Chiron, an exclamation, I need hardly say, common in Shakespeare. Cattle meet with mention : —

Where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
The cat : —

What a caterwauling dost thou keep !
says Aaron the Moor to the nurse with the black-a-moor baby. In "*Twelfth Night*" we have Maria saying to Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, who are making the night hideous with a catch : —

What a caterwauling do you keep !
The pig affords an admirable touch, the master's own. Those three "hell-dogs of bloody kind" — Aaron the Moor and the sons of Tamora — are sitting in council with the nurse, as to the best thing to do now that Aaron's criminal intrigue with the empress is betrayed. The nurse has the black proof, the "tadpole," in a shawl on her lap.

AARON : How many saw the child ?
NURSE : Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

AARON. The empress, the midwife, and yourself?

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.

Go to the empress; tell her, *this I said—*
(stabbing the nurse)

Weke! Weke! so cries the pig, preparèd to the spit.

The utter callousness of the bloody Moor is brought out by this unexpected line with startling vividness. Not even his own vaunting confessions afterwards, in which the very nadir of crime is sounded, can add to our sense of the villain's devilish indifference to others' sufferings after that "Weke! weke! so cries the pig."

Another illustration of the continuity of the natural history of Shakespeare is afforded by the use of the word "urchins." Tamora, in order to enrage her sons against them, is charging Lavinia and her husband with having made the most monstrous threats against her life and with employing enchantments for her torture:—

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.

Now, in Shakespeare's day (as indeed at the present) the hedgehog¹ was known as the urchin, but I do not think Shakespeare ever uses the second name. He mentions the *hedgehog* four times as an animal, and as many times uses the word *urchin*, but each time as a synonym for "goblin." In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Mrs.

¹ When Lady Anne calls Gloster a hedgehog, it may have been either from some association with his crest of a hog, or from its generally "obscene" and ill-omened reputation.

Page, when rehearsing the punishment of Sir John, says:—

Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth,
we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies,
... to pinch the unclean knight;
and Mrs. Ford adds:—

And till he tell the truth
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound.

How could you dress children "like" hedgehogs? and why should hedgehogs "pinch"? Again, in the "Tempest," Prospero, punishing Caliban, says:—

urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-combs.

Surely hedgehogs are not meant here? And Caliban, soliloquizing over his punishment, afterwards says:—

His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll
nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me I'
the mire

... unless he bid them.
Here the word is most obviously meant for "goblin," or "elfin." And note how this very soliloquy of Caliban's proceeds:—

For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometimes like apes ...
... then like hedgehogs,

which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall.

Here we have "urchin" and "hedgehog" in one and the same passage, the double meaning of urchin being so familiar to his audience that Shakespeare did not hesitate to use both names of the one animal in two senses in the one sentence. At any rate, no one will suppose that Shakespeare meant "hedgehog shows" when he said "urchin shows." So I see no reason whatever for supposing that when he used the word "urchin," for the fourth time, in "Titus Andronicus," he meant to convey a different meaning than on the

three previous occasions of its use. On the contrary. Is it possible to conceive Shakespeare, when piling up the horrors of the scene, adding, as an element of peril and wicked enchantment, *ten thousand hedgehogs*? Can you imagine it—ten thousand hedgehogs! Swarms of snakes and toads, myriads of them, are horrible in contemplation; the number alone makes them horrible. But *hedgehogs*. Think of the empress, bound to a dismal yew with an acre of hedgehogs round her! No. Shakespeare intended the word *urchin* here to mean, as it does on the other three occasions in his plays, “goblins.” The picture is then complete, “ten thousand goblins.”

It might be objected that, having “fiends” already, “goblins” would be redundant, but Shakespeare does not think so. To quote one example (*Comedy of Errors*):—

We lurk with *goblins*, owls,¹ and *elvish sprites*.

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or *pinch* us black and blue.

Now the use of this ambiguous word here is distinctly interesting. For the hedgehog is one of the special animals of Shakespeare's fauna of witchcraft and abomination, which comprises also toads, “snakes” of all kinds, owls, and ravens; and the writer, flashing through his mind his repertory of “damned” things, and needing a dissyllable to make the line and its horror complete—thought of hedgehogs. When the three witches are making “hell-broth;” when Titania's body-guard are exorcising all evil things; when Prospero tells Ariel to “charge his goblins” to torment his would-be murderers—the hedgehog recurs punctually to Shakespeare's mind every time and is added accordingly. So on the fourth and only other occasion on which the black art is directly and seriously employed, Shakespeare, having already introduced “snakes”

and “toads,” “owl” and “raven,” thought naturally of hedgehog. But *ten thousand* hedgehogs! One can almost imagine that one hears Shakespeare laugh at the image. Happy thought! *urchin*. This word exactly completes the line and crowns its sense. Ten thousand “goblins,” that should *pinch* and torment the bound Tamora, and yet just enough of the hedgehog left in, after all, to satisfy the author's requirements of sorcery, and to let those who preferred the acre of hedgehogs enjoy their fancy.

To turn now to the hunting-scene. Let me quote from this, and from another, play:—

1.

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay.

Everything doth make a gleeful boast;
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mock their swelling noise. . . .

2.

My love shall hear the musick my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley; go
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

. . . Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord.

One of these passages is admitted by all authors and critics, and Dr. Johnson, to be indubitably Shakespeare's; the other is just as unanimously rejected. Which is which?

By searching the other plays, hunting-passages will be found which so amplify, illustrate, repeat, and blend

¹ “Ouphs” would be a better reading, and then we should have exactly the same line quoted above from the “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

with, both of the above that one can no more pick out a single thread from the tissue and say it is genuine Shakespeare than you can "pluck birdlime out of frieze."

Again, the emperor, addressing Tamora, says, "Madam, now shall ye see our Roman hunting," whereupon Marcus and Titus begin to brag about their hounds, that "will rouse the proudest panther in the chase, and climb the highest promontory top," and their horses that "will follow where the game makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain." In "Midsummer Night's Dream," Theseus, addressing Hippolyta, says, "My love shall hear the musick of my hounds," whereupon the queen proudly speaks of when she was "with Hercules and Cadmus once," and they "bayed the bear in Sparta," and vaunts the music of the Spartan pack; upon which Theseus at once begins to brag about his own pack, and says they are Spartan-bred:

So flewed, so sanded: and their heads
are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning
dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian
bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like
bells,
Each under each.

The coincidence is significant, and how rarely true to human nature. Shakespeare knew how very hard it is for sportsmen to meet without bragging and "rivalry in reminiscence." (For other parallels see "Henry IV.")

Straying in the park.
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring
wound.

The incident of Lavinia's outrage has occurred during "a solemn hunting," and she herself, by her ravishers, was called "the dainty doe." Her uncle, returning from the chase, finds her wandering in the wood, and Shakespeare appropriately continues the hunting metaphor, using a simile he uses several times elsewhere, not only of deer, as in the following, from "As You Like It":—

To the which place a poor sequestered stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
hurt,

Did come to languish;
but also of other game, as in "Much Ado About Nothing":—

Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep
into sedges.

Here, too, should be noted a touch as to illicit sport, which Shakespeare so constantly introduces when speaking of illicit passion. Demetrius asks:—

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Elsewhere, it is "groping for trouts in a peculiar river" (Measure for Measure), "fishing another's pond" in his absence (Winter's Tale), with other variations drawn from hunting, fowling, angling, snaring, and ferreting. This is surely Shakespeare.

Again, the ever-present idea of sport suggests the phrase "if she" (the bear-whelp's dam) "*wind* you once." Both as hunter and falconer the importance of the wind in any undertaking is remembered. In the same play, Aaron, seating himself with his "black-a-moor baby" safely out of reach of the rapier that Chiron wishes to "spit the tadpole" on, says:—

We will have the wind of you.

"Why do you go about," says Hamlet testily to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern whom he suspects of treachery, "to recover the wind of me?" In "Henry VI.," Clarence of the cunning Gloster says: "He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!" Further examples of these "Shakespearean" touches could be easily, but it seems to me unnecessarily, multiplied.

Flying high suggests to him, as it so often does elsewhere, hawking; and Aaron, speaking of his mistress who has climbed aloft says he too will "mount aloft with his imperial mistress and mount her pitch."

Compare this with the passage in "Henry VI." where Suffolk, talking of Gloster's hawks, says:—

They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's
pitch.

To which Gloster :—

My lord, 'tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can
soar.

But the two passages, apart from such exact similarity of phrase, are instinct with identical sentiment, and each is in Shakespeare's most authentic vein.

The birds of the play are altogether Shakespearean.

Citizens in tumult and scared by sudden danger suggest "a flight of severed fowl." So in "Midsummer Night's Dream," the wild geese "who the creeping fowler eye," "sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky."

The eagle occurs in an admirable passage, the ring of which is distinctly Shakespeare :—

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

This idea—that "the abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins remorse from power"—of the really strong "suffering" the feeble—"sweet mercy is nobility's true badge"—is frequent in Shakespeare, and needs no support from quotation. In just the same spirit are the lines in "Venus and Adonis":—

To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not
fear him.

"Titus Andronicus" is, distinctively, a play of wrong and revenge—of "black Revenge" that has "palfreys black as jet" for her wagon (Act v., Scene 2). So in "Henry IV.," Revenge lives in "an ebon den," and in "Othello," the other tragedy with a Moor in it, vengeance is "black" vengeance. The "fatal raven" flies more often in this play than in any other. So in "Hamlet":—

HAM. : The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

LUC. : Thoughts black . . . agreeing.

Lavinia calls the empress's paramour her "raven-colored love," and immediately afterwards, when pleading for her chastity and life, is ill-advised enough to draw a simile of mercy from

the raven. Titus, addressing Aaron—whose every note was of ill-omen and boding, but who has come, the damned villain, with a pretended reprieve for Titus's sons, already murdered—as a raven, compares his voice with a lark's song.

Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's up-
rise?

Now this characteristic trifle is worth noting. Lavinia had contrasted the raven with the lark—

The raven doth not hatch a lark

—the extreme opposites in voice; and Titus, not having heard Lavinia do so, does the same. There is more excuse, of course, where one has heard the other, even in the use of so preposterous a word as "discandy," which Antony exchanges with Cleopatra. Shakespeare does this so often that examples may be found in probably every play. A fancy occurs to him; he uses it twice or even three times in rapid succession—and never again throughout his plays. To take an illustration from "Titus Andronicus" itself. Aaron, counselling the outrage on Lavinia, says, "The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;" and Titus, lamenting the outrage, but not having heard Aaron, says, "The woods are ruthless, vast, and gloomy." No one less than Shakespeare would do this, in this inartistic way. But Shakespeare often did not even read over his manuscript. As it was written so it stands, the first thoughts of his mind, and the wonder of time to the last.

There are other touches of natural blackness in the play. The Moor calls himself "a black dog," and again, defending the color of his offspring, says :—

Coal-black is better than another hue;
In that it scorns to bear another hue.

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to
white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

This is not the only time that Shake-

speare forgets that the swan is a freshwater bird. Why did not the writer say "all the water in the *Tiber*," which was flowing past the walls of the palace in which the speaker stood? Because he was Shakespeare who makes it a sea-bird in "Antony and Cleopatra."

The Moor's child is "a tadpole" (than which no new-hatched thing is blacker), "as loathsome as a toad," — the "black" toad of Shakespeare elsewhere — "a joyless, black, dismal issue," in contrast to the joyful, fair and happy "issue" in other plays.

The crowning wrong of the play — for which the Andronici take revenge — is the rape and mutilation of Lavinia. It is obvious, of course, what Shakespeare had just "been reading late," but that does not affect the continuity of his natural history, and, for the purpose of this article, matters nothing.

It is sufficient to say that the story of Tereus and Philomela was buzzing in his head. The scene opens in "a desert part of the forest," with Aaron busy burying a bag of gold. To him enters Tamora and says: —

Everything doth make a gleeful boast;
The birds chant melody on every bough,

The green leaves quiver with the cooling
wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the
ground:

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us
sit.

Now compare this with the *Passionate Pilgrim's*

Sitting in a pleasant shade

... and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan.

But Aaron replies in another vein,
"Vengeance is in my heart, death in
my hand." Why?

Hark, Tamora,
Philomel must lose her tongue to-day.

Now the *Passionate Pilgrim*,

Save the nightingale alone.

Thereafter the story of Philomela
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and Tereus runs its course. But I venture to think that its introduction in the very words, almost, of one of Shakespeare's admitted poems, is a coincidence not likely to have been ventured upon by a contemporary plagiarist. Again, Titus speaking of Lavinia's mouth as a bird-cage, calls her tongue the delightful "engine of her thoughts." The same phrase, "engine of her thoughts," occurs in "Venus and Adonis."

It is to be noted that Shakespeare, who had unmistakably heard the nightingale singing — which few poets who have written about it seem to have done — always makes the bird female. This is only an illustration of the logician's "fallacy from antiquity," and of the influence of the "Philomela" legend upon the poet.

There is nothing noteworthy of the other bird-references of the play. The "fatal" raven "that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan" (*Macbeth*, i. 5), the "nightly" owl, the "gnawing" vulture, and the "swift" swallow, are all in Shakespeare's usual phrase, and familiar to us throughout his plays.

There are very few "reptiles" in the play — Shakespeare, by the way, never uses that word once throughout his works — and such as there are suggest little comment. Aaron describes his hair, uncurling, "even as an adder, when she doth unroll to do some fatal execution." This could be better understood if we pictured to ourselves the wanton empress displacing with her arms some turban headdress under which Aaron kept his long black locks coiled,¹ if it were not that the Moor calls it "a fleece of woolly hair." In another place he speaks of his offspring as "thick-lipped," and so it may be assumed that Shakespeare by "Moor" meant really the "black-a-moor," the negro. Now, it is not easy to imagine a negro's hair coming out of curl, and yet Aaron evidently wishes to draw his paramour's attention to the fact that his hair is "standing on end," and uses the metaphor of the "unrolling adder,"

¹ As some of the nations of Asia and Africa do.

because she happened to say that she had just seen "a snake rolled in the cheerful sun." She has invited him to her arms, addressing him thus : —

My lovely Aaron, wherefore lookst thou
sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful
boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun.
... Let us sit, etc., etc.

Aaron replies, taking up each of her points in succession, the joyousness, the merry voices, the lazy, happy snake, and her amorousness : —

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

And then goes on : —

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my
hand,
Revenge and blood are hammering in my
head.

In "Macbeth," when the Thane of Glamis has already become Thane of Cawdor, and the idea of fulfilling the witches' prophecy as to his becoming king, by murdering Duncan, first comes into his mind, we read : —

That suggestion
Whose horrid image doth *unfix* my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my
ribs !

The snake "rolled in the cheerful sun" is a touch from nature that occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare. In "Julius Cæsar" is a line, "the bright day that brings the adder forth," and in "Henry VI.," Part 2 (in which the serpent-folk are curiously numerous), we have "the snake rolled in a flowery bank" — a very "common object of the country" to myself and Marlborough schoolfellows, who knew exactly the sunny days and sunny spots where and when snake and adder and blind-worm were to be found basking. This love of warmth gives the point to the line (iii. 1) : —

That kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

The other allusion to snakes is in Tamora's enumeration of the horrors which Lavinia and her husband were supposed to have prepared for her, "a thousand hissing snakes ;" and it is a coincidence that on the only other occasion that Shakespeare places a scene under a "mossy" tree, there should be both beasts of prey and venomous reptiles beneath its shade. Tamora describes the trees as "o'ercome with moss," and here are snakes and, so says Aaron, a panther. In "As You Like It," Oliver relates how, under a tree, "whose boughs were mossed," he beheld a snake and a lioness.

An insignificance, dear sir, no doubt,
And yet not all significance without.

The toad goes with the snake in every accumulation of horrors in Shakespeare, and is therefore found here ("ten thousand swelling toads"), and not only by direct mention but, as Shakespeare so very frequently employs it, by suggestion.

The venomous malice of my swelling heart, says Aaron. So Pericles of the swelling ocean : —

Thou storm thou ! venomously wilt thou
spit all thyself ?

But a more exact coincidence will be found in "Henry VI.," where Gloster speaks of

The envious malice of thy swelling heart,
to the Bishop of Winchester — the exact words of Aaron, except that "venomous" takes the place of "envious." Now Shakespeare uses the two words as synonymous ("envenomed with his envy" in "Hamlet," and so forth), and Envy when symbolized is the toad.

My "deadly standing eye" in the above passage is, of course, an allusion to that special favorite of Shakespeare, the basilisk-cockatrice, with the "fatal," "killing," "deadly," "murdering," and "death-darting" orb — "whose unavowed eye is murderous." Shakespeare never pays much atten-

tion to insects. Nobody did in his day. So the entomology of his plays is perhaps more peculiar than extensive. In "Titus Andronicus" we find (see above) Tamora encouraging her sons to the unremunerative task of robbing wasps of their honey, and later (v. 1) we read :—

We'll follow where thou lead'st—
Like sting bees on hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flower'd fields.

Shakespeare had been reading translations of the classics in which are suggested both of the errors implied in the lines quoted. When Virgil or Ovid speaks of leading bees to flowered fields the poet refers to the practice in southern Europe, doubtless unknown to Shakespeare, of transporting whole farms of hives on large-decked boats from pasturage to pasturage, but is it likely that the English dramatist, addressing audiences of bee-keepers (for bee-keeping was, in those days, an almost universal country practice) would speak of "stinging" bees "following their master," in a friendly spirit, and on the "hottest summer's day," too? Critics need hardly have discussed such nonsense. The other error, which Shakespeare's audience shared with him, was that bees had a *king*. Pliny is delightful on this theme, and Virgil has some charming references to the male monarch of the hive, and it is this mistake, a sufficiently simple one, and not the other, obviously foolish, that Shakespeare made. It was "the magister of the hive," "the master-bee," that led them. Not the human owner of the hive. Elsewhere, he makes the male bee produce honey, and calls the neuters, as every other poet does, she.

There is a very striking passage in "Titus Andronicus" of which a fly is the subject. Shakespeare hated flies as heartily as Martin Luther—and especially their buzzing. So in this place, where Titus affects a great indignation with his brother for killing a fly, and talks pitifully of its poor "father and mother," its "gilded wings," and "pretty buzzing melody," Shakespeare

means to show us Titus *going mad*. "Give me thy knife," he says to Marcus, "I will insult on him," and he stabs the dead fly repeatedly.

Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances, says his brother, as Titus, having done with the fly, rises to go. In another part of the play (iv. 4) the emperor, complaining of the popular agitation in favor of the ill-used Andronici, says :—

These disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears—

a frequent expression in Shakespeare and nearly always used in the same uncomplimentary sense to the fly as lying, mischievous, or annoying.

If I were to follow out all my notes further into the flora, the meteorology, the precious stones, and inanimate nature generally, of the play, I could easily treble the matter of this article, but my argument, I venture to think, requires no further strengthening.

As a matter of fact, Shakespeare has never yet been seriously approached on the side of his natural history. His references to nature in some departments have been catalogued, but there has never been any intention hitherto to establish the individuality or identity of the man Shakespeare from his natural history, nor to study it as a whole with relation to the writer. It may be a matter for surprise that it should have been left for me, an unaccredited student of the bard, and at the end of this century, to look at Shakespeare from a new point of view. But the fact remains.

PHIL ROBINSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A LOST ENGLISH CITY.

ALONG the coast of East Suffolk, between the fertile, well-wooded country and the North Sea, extends for many miles a strip of moor, now wider and now narrower, and broken here and there by patches of cultivation, an undulating waste of heath and gorse-

bushes, dotted with little woods of fir,—a desolate district in winter time, but when whin or heather is in blossom, by no means devoid of beauty. To the eastward, where once projected the southern horn of Sole Bay, the moorland ends at a low cliff of crumbling sand. There are no buildings on the cliff save the stark walls and cracked tower of an old church, which, on the very edge, stands tottering to its fall, doomed to be undermined ere long by the encroaching sea.

This ruined and deserted church and a petty hamlet near by are known by the name of Dunwich.

A famous name! A proud city it was that once bore it—in mediæval times a great city. Where is it now? Gone utterly,—vanished off the face of the earth. Founded literally upon the sand, the sea undermined bit by bit the soft cliff it was built upon, and house by house and street by street it fell, and the tides swept it all away. The city of Dunwich is a sandbank. Fishermen shoot their nets over the site of it. Only the name, the old church on the cliff, and a few bits of ruined wall remain.

Stow's "Chronicle" depicts its opulence in the Middle Ages. "It was," he says, "surrounded with stone walls and brazen gates, and in it there were fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals, a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, a mint, as many top ships as churches, and not fewer windmills."

And moreover, we know that beyond the city, yet farther east, between it and the then seashore, there once stretched a royal forest, where tradition has it that an old family, yet extant in the neighborhood, were permitted to hunt and hawk in the time of the Conqueror. Roots of great trees were, it is said, descried far out at sea at low water by fishermen after a storm some one hundred and fifty years ago.

The records of Dunwich—Dommoc or Dunmoc Bede calls it—go back long before the Conquest. In 636 Felix, sent for from Burgundy by Sigebert, king of the East Angles, landed

near the port of Orwell, and settling at Dunmoe, began to preach the faith of Christ to the heathen. Where he landed the priory of St. Felix was founded afterwards. Modern golfers know the place well—it is called after the saint—Felixstowe.

St. Felix and his three next successors had jurisdiction over all East Anglia. Then, by direction of Archbishop Theodore, whom Green calls the founder of the Church of England, the see was divided, and eleven prelates followed as bishops at Dunwich for the South Folk only.

After 818, while the Danes harried the country, the see was left vacant more than a century, and there has not been a separate see of Dunwich since.

Later again, Harold ruled here, thane of East Anglia. There are traditions of battles about that time on the heaths westward of the town. And the sea even then was wasting the land east of it, for it is on record that one of the two carves of land taxed by the Confessor had disappeared before the date of the Domesday survey.

In Domesday-book, Dunwich appears as paying a great yearly sum, and sixty thousand herrings yearly, to the king.

A hundred years after, it had grown yet greater,—“well stored,” we read it was, “with all sorts of riches.”

In Henry II.'s reign Dunwich was fortified, Camden tells us, “to awe Robert, Earl of Leicester, who overran all the parts far and near.”

King John conferred on it liberties and privileges by successive charters. One, dated the year of his accession, cost the burghers three hundred marks, ten falcons, and five gerfalcons; at which price they secured “wreck of the sea, and liberty to marry their sons and daughters and to dispose of their lands and houses in the city, at their pleasure.” The second is thus quoted by Gardner:—

Also we have graunted unto our sayd Burgesses and their heires *Sok and Sak* and *Toll and Tame* and *Infangenthef*; and that they and their men, with their catells and shippes, and all other their goodes and possessions, shall and may staunde

and be discharged and quit from *Murage*, *Lustage*, *Passage*, *Pontage*, *Stallage*, and of and from *Leve* and *Danegelt*, and from *Gaywite*, and of and from all other customs taxes and exactions, by and through all our power and Jurisdiccions, as well within our realme of England, as in all other our lands and countreis.

In the sixth year of John a list was made of all galleys and ships of war then ready for service, and of the ports where they then were. At no port were there more than five and among those with five were London and Dunwich.

In Henry III.'s reign Dunwich touched her highest point of prosperity, yet we find that that king had to command his barons of Suffolk to aid the burgesses in stopping the ravages of the sea.

Those who have seen an old walled town in Germany can well imagine the then outward aspect of Dunwich, her walls, her gates, her gables, her towers; and those who know the archaic Dutch craft, or Humber "keels," may form a faint idea of what the quaint shipping was like that frequented the old harbor. How strange to modern ears the names of the vessels: "Great ships, long ships, dromons, sornecks, bussess, nascellas, passerettes, caracks, doggers, lodeships, taries, fluves, besides farecoasts, and passages, galiots, balingers, helibots, cogs, hocboats, segboats, lynes, pikards, pessoners, shutes, spinaces."

Two of the "brazen gates" were still standing in Henry VIII.'s time, the South Gate and Guild Gate; the sea did not destroy the market-place till Charles II.'s reign; the town-house yet stood in the first years of last century.

Not all the "fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses, hospitals," can be traced now, nor can the "king's palace, the bishop's seat, the mayor's mansion, or the mint;" but there are records of two great convents, Franciscan and Dominican, and of sixteen churches, the successive disappearance of which may serve to illustrate the strange story of the doomed town.

Five of the churches were swallowed up in the fourteenth century: St. Michael's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Martin's, St. Leonard's, St. Nicholas'.

Of these we know little save that they existed. But the last, whose saint was the special patron of sailors, must have been sore missed at Dunwich. This legend has come down to us:—

On a Day as a shippe with marreners were in perysshynge one the See, they prayed, and required devoutly *Nicholas* Servaunt of God saying (*pie Nicholæ oray pro Nobis*). If those thinges that we have herde of the sayd ben true, preve them now, and anone a man apered in Lyknes and sayd (*vos vocastis me ecce adsum Ave Rex Gentis*), Loo see ye me not, ye called me; and then he began to help them in their Exploite of the See, and anone the Tempest ceased. And when they were come to hys Chyrche they knewe him without any Man to shew hym to them; and yet they had never seen hym; and thene they thanked God, and hym of their Deliverance; and he bad theym attrybute it in the Mercy of God and to theyre Byleve and nothyng to hys Merytes.

Another church, St. John's, lasted, we may surmise, till some time in the sixteenth century. We know that in 1499 its tenure of life was precarious, for a legacy of ten marks was that year bequeathed for its ornaments, with the proviso that "if it fortune the Church to decay by Adventure of the Sea, the ten Marks to be disposed of by my Attornies where they think best."

Three fair chantries, St. Anthony's, St. Francis', and St. Catherine's, also survived till the fifteen hundreds. The church of the Templars stood till the reign of Charles I. And St. Peter's toppled over the cliff in the early years of last century.

When it was that fate overtook the great church of St. James's Hospital, and that belonging to the Maison Dieu, and the churches of the two religious houses, we do not know with certainty.

Dunwich soon fell from the high estate it had reached in Henry III.'s reign. In the next reign it yet pos-

sessed "sixteen fair ships, twenty vessels trading to the North Seas, and twenty-four small boats employed in the home fishery;" but in the twenty-fourth year of Edward I. a crushing blow fell upon it. The town had built and fitted out, at its own proper cost for defence of the realm, eleven ships of war—one no doubt with the traditional name "Demoiselle of Dunwich"—most of them having crews of seventy men. Four were sunk by the French, and many more were lost, costing the lives of five hundred Dunwich seamen, besides the value of ships and artillery.

From that time forth, calamity succeeded to calamity; till in the reign of King Edward III., "King of the Sea," his turbulent waves overwhelmed—"by a private pique of nature," as Camden quaintly says—no less than four hundred houses in one disastrous year. Then the harbor became useless, and the lucrative trade of the old town was diverted to a newly opened harbor at upstart Walberswick. This has, in its turn, silted up within the last few years.

Dunwich was, and is not.

Of her secular edifices none are left; of her fifty-two churches but one—the ruin on the cliff; and there does yet remain the skeleton of a 'spital, overgrown by ivy, and the walls, likewise made picturesque by ivy, and pierced by a picturesque gate, which surround it. This hospital was placed outside the old city—well on the landward side of it—to receive poor lepers, who might not be suffered within the walls.

The last mark of greatness left to Dunwich was that the poor village of some two hundred souls ranked as a corporate borough, and returned two members to Parliament. People profanely said that one human body incarnated the whole corporation. In one man resided the official persons of recorder, two bailiffs, a round dozen of aldermen, two dozen common councilmen, and a couple of magistrates; and the composite gentleman represented himself in the House of Commons.

And Dunwich yet pretends to hold

her immemorial fair on each 25th of July. No commercial business has been done for generations. Not long ago, harvest-men went there to be hired. And the name still lives in the people's mouths; for by Dunwich fair-day, say old-fashioned farmers, their turnip-sowing should be done.

And one peculiar charm yet clings to poor Dunwich—a wild white rose, the Dunwich rose, which graces no spot in England but her desolate heath.

H. M. DOUGHTY.

From The Spectator.

THE STATE OF SICILY.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

DR. NAPOLEONE COLAJANNI, a Radical member of the Italian Parliament, and a man long and familiarly acquainted with Sicily, has recently published at Rome a pamphlet entitled "In Sicilia," in which he discusses the causes of the recent troubles in the island, and the conduct of the government in relation to them. Dr. Colajanni is, we believe, a man who bears the reputation of honor and veracity; and his book, so far as it relates to the condition of the Sicilians—with which only we shall now deal—appears to us to bear internal evidence of a desire not to exaggerate, and of a general fairness of mind. We possess no knowledge of Sicily which could enable us to judge of the work from an independent point of view, and therefore it is well that the writer impresses us as a fair man, and that he often justifies his conclusions by reference to documents and the writings of others on the state of Sicily, amongst whom may be mentioned Signor Sonnino, the present minister of finance for Italy.

The troubles in Sicily, which have attracted so much attention recently, are, according to our author, the outcome not so much of any socialistic or other political excitement, as of certain recent economic changes operating on a society afflicted with many old infirmities,—infirmities which seemed bearable to those accustomed to them till

certain new sources of trouble and new strains were superimposed upon them.

The rural class in Sicily constitutes about three-fourths of the entire population, the rest consisting of the aristocratic classes, the *galantuomini* or *classi dirigenti*, which are very few in number, and the sulphur-miners. The sulphur-mines are found in the provinces of Girgenti, Caltanissetta, Catania, and Palermo, but chiefly in the two former. The mines are worked by the men who actually extract the substance, and are known as *picconieri*; they employ youths between the ages of eight and twenty, who are known as *carusi*, who carry the substance from the place where it is dug to the *calcherono*, the place where the sulphur is melted and brought into the form of cakes. These workmen are all paid in proportion to the greater or less distance which the sulphur has to be carried and the length and steepness of the ladder which has to be ascended. The *carusi* have been objects of great sympathy on the part of many visitors to Sicily; and their lot is not an easy or light one; but, according to our author, their woes have been exaggerated. They receive from seventy centesimi to two lire a day (twenty-eight or twenty-nine lire go to our pound sterling), but few receive the larger figure. Sometimes the *carusi* are treated with great harshness by their masters, the *picconieri*; but sometimes, on the other hand, they receive much kindness. The power of the latter over the former class of workers is due to a custom by which, when a *caruso* engages himself to work with a *picconiere*, he receives from his master a sum of from fifty to one hundred and fifty lire; and this sum must be repaid by the *caruso* to his master before he can leave his engagement. The repayment of this sum is naturally often difficult, and sometimes the *caruso* breaks through his customary duty, runs away from one master and engages himself to another, leaving his old employer to his legal rights. But these have little attraction for the Sicilian *picconiere*; he more often resorts to the stick and the

knife, and pursues sometimes his runaway servant — sometimes the new master, who, by the custom, has become liable for the debt of his servant. Hence arise frequent cases of vendetta and of personal outrages. The dwellings of these miners are said to be very miserable, but the hours of labor are not excessive, and an eight-hours regulation would, it seems, have little operation in the sulphur-mines of Sicily. The question whether the hard and early labor undertaken by these *carusi* does or does not produce a physical degeneration has been much discussed, but apparently still remains *sub judice*.

As to the actual workers of the sulphur, their condition seems as bad as that of their carriers. Their wages oscillate between one lira fifty centesimi, and three lire a day, and this is subject practically to a heavy deduction of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. by reason of the prevalence of the truck system, that is the payment of the wages not in specie but in goods supplied by the masters. But what brings the greatest discontent into the mining district is this, — that the price of sulphur has, for the last fifteen years, gone down almost incessantly, and with it the wages of the miners, so that they are now receiving about half only their former rates of wages; and there can be no doubt that a sudden fall from comparative comfort to actual poverty is more productive of disturbance and outrage, than a long-continued and grinding misery; so that it is not wonderful that amongst the sulphur-miners there have been formed the combinations of workmen which are known in Sicily as “*Fasci*,” and that in one place at least in the sulphur districts (Valguarnera), the discontent has shown itself in an outburst accompanied by conflagrations and brutal violence.

If we turn from the condition of the sulphur-miners to that of the rural population, we find a great complication. Some people write as though the land-system of Sicily was one and indivisible; whereas, in fact, it differs from province to province, from *circondario* to *circondario*, from *commune* to *com-*

mune. In many parts, as in the province of Messina, the metayer system prevails, and in these districts the *contadini* are generally the best off. But, again, the metayer system itself varies from place to place; sometimes it is applied only to certain products,—thus it is often applied to the fields of cereals, whilst the vineyards and olive-yards are exempted from it. But the metayer system, much as it is to be esteemed, is said to be open to certain abuses; in many cases the landlord asserts a right to dip out of the common sack before its division, in order to recoup himself for the seed he has provided, and to satisfy various other customary claims, including sometimes that of the Madonna, or of some local patron saint; and in the demand for the seed, it is said that even honorable landlords claim an addition of twenty per cent. for the use of the grain during the year.

Another form of contract for the holding of land is known as the *terzeria*, because under it the produce of the land is divided into thirds, of which the landlord takes two and the tenant retains one. But in this case the landlord not only finds land which has lain fallow for a year, but has ploughed and prepared it for the crop by his oxen. Again, there is another form of contract known as *terratico*, which is a simple letting to hire of the farm-lands at a fixed rent, payable in produce or in money, according to the agreement of the parties. The *inquilinaggio* is a form of contract applied to vineyards. The *contadino*, under this, hires the land for a period varying from fifteen to twenty-nine years; he plants the vines, and gives yearly a stipulated portion of the produce to his landlord. Many of these holders of vineyards have been sorely stricken by the plague of the phylloxera, which has wrought fearful havoc in the province of Syracuse, and threatens that of Catania.

The peasantry who live and work under these various forms of contract on the small or middle-sized estates are the best off; the worst are those who live on the great estates, for on them

there exists a practice of subletting which reminds one of what used to exist in Ireland. In these *latifundia* the proprietor usually lets the land in large masses to a tenant, at a rent; the tenant sublets to sub-tenants; and these, again, let it out on the metayer system, or cultivate it by day labor. Upon this complicated agricultural system has come a severe depression. The breaking off of the good commercial relations with France has depressed the price in Sicily both of corn and of wine, its two chief products; and other causes have added to it, such as the refusal of North America to allow the fruit ships from Sicily to enter her ports, from the fear of cholera. The result has been acute misery throughout the rural population of Sicily. Bread from one of the poorest communes of Sicily has been shown by analysis to contain sixty-five per cent. of inorganic matter. Much, no doubt, was hoped for when the island of Sicily came under the rule of the late king of Italy, and when the vast estates of the ecclesiastical corporations were withdrawn from them and sold to lay owners. But it appears that they were to a large extent purchased by great absentee proprietors, and that little or no change for the better has taken place in the management of the estates. One of the alleviations of the life of the peasant's wife was her pig. She tended it with loving care, and cherished it like an ewe lamb. But loved as it was in its life, it was loved still more in its death. The best parts of the body were sold to the butcher for a sum which was the chief source of payment for the clothes of the family; the head, the feet, the black puddings furnished the materials for the one real feast of the year; neighbors and friends were called in, and the day of the porker's death was the whitest day in all the year. But the rural population of Sicily dwell in the towns, and are not distributed over the country, and lofty notions of sanitation have invaded the towns of Sicily, and the pig has been hunted down and driven away; and this has left an aching void, a sense

of injury which is said to be a real and important element of disturbance amongst the laboring population.

Then there is the pastoral population, consisting of the men and boys who look after the herds of cattle and the flocks of sheep, who lead hard lives and receive little pay, who are little better than semi-barbarians, and are almost always the accomplices of the cattle-stealers and of the brigands. The lives of the herdsmen are especially hard. They scarcely ever sleep or live under a roof either in the heats of summer or the snows of winter, and they revisit their families only three or four times in every quarter of a year, — a circumstance of great injury to the family morals.

The municipal authorities of the Sicilian towns have the command of considerable funds, which are raised principally by an octroi (*Dazio di consumo*), a health-tax, and a tax upon animals; and the mode in which these taxes have been raised, and the manner in which they have been expended, have raised the bitterest hostility to the local authorities in the minds of the *contadini*; and so entirely is this hatred addressed to the local authorities that at Giardinello, at Santa Caterina, and other places, the mobs that have shouted "Down with the taxes! Down with the syndic!" have carried in their processions the portraits of the king and the queen.

"As to the way," says the present minister of finance, Signor Sonnino, "in which the class of the *galantuomini* have availed themselves of the communal administrations for their own benefit and to the injury of the *contadini*, it will be enough, in order to form some idea of it, to examine commune by commune the lists of taxation. In a general way we find the tax imposed in the heaviest way upon beasts of draught and burden, that is to say, principally on the mules and horses which are the chief property of the peasants. And conversely the tax is imposed rarely and in less proportion on the cattle, that is to say, on the cows and oxen, because these are the

property of the landlords. In most places the peasant pays as much as eight lire for a mule and five lire for an ass, and the landlord and the superior tenant pay nothing, or relatively a very small sum, for a hundred cows or oxen. The communal tax on beasts of draught and burden in Sicily amounted in 1874 to 589,557 lire, whilst the tax on cattle amounted to 146,493 lire."

And not merely does the injustice exist in the mode in which the taxes are imposed, but the utmost laxity and even dishonesty is alleged to exist in the mode of their collection, — in truth, as to the general fact of the wretched character of the administration in the island, there seems to be neither doubt nor dispute. Certain lords, who have, for example, twenty mules, return only four, — these are entered on the schedule, and no one takes the trouble to inquire into the truth of the return. An examination made at the instance of the prefect of the province of Palermo, showed that the syndic and councillors had not entered for taxation one-tenth of the animals which belonged to them, whilst certain poor wretches were entered for more than they possessed. If rumor is to be believed, Sicily is not the only part of Italy where this kind of thing is done.

But if the mode of levying the local taxation is unjust, the method of its expenditure is said to be at least as bad. In the province of Caltanissetta a road has been constructed at the expense of the province for the sole benefit of a baron; at Agira, a road has been made at the expense of the commune, principally for the benefit of one rich lord; another commune ruined itself in the construction of an intercommunal road; and great expenses have been incurred in the construction of theatres, in festivals, in matters of luxury, and in various forms of display; whilst the most necessary sources of outlay, like the supply of water and the promotion of education, are absolutely neglected. In such a condition of society Socialism and Anarchy can easily find a foothold, and preachers of violence willing hearers.

From All The Year Round.

IDLING AT MONTE CARLO.

THE baggage men at Genoa winked at each other when I bade them register my portmanteaux to Monte Carlo. Methought, too, their eyes sought the region of my pockets somewhat compassionately.

But in truth they made a mistake, if they fancied I was going to the fair spot as a victim. I believe I have learned better than that. Besides, I had but three spare days at my disposal and money left only for their provision. I did not contemplate playing the fool with my few surviving napoleons, and bringing myself to the humiliating point which compels either a peremptory wire to England for funds, an appeal to an hotel-keeper, or a visit to a Hebrew with my watch and chain in hand to back my request for a loan at about one hundred per cent. per diem.

No, the true way to catch the flavor of this most alluring nook is to go as a spectator of the folly of others. The Casino administration don't want such visitors. Their notices in the saloons observe that persons who do not play are not invited to take seats at the roulette tables. But, on the other hand, they cannot in decency ask every applicant for a ticket to the rooms: "Does monsieur propose to risk any money, and if so, how much?" Nor would such a course profit them. It would make too little allowance for the insidious fascination of the game.

The administration wisely therefore inscribes in its ledgers the names of all decently dressed persons—and some scarcely that—who take off their hats to it in the official bureau and proffer their request.

That was how I came to be standing with the rest at the middle table in the middle room of the suite of gaming apartments; this, too, only an hour after my arrival at the hotel.

Never had the beautiful coast seemed to me more lovely. In England bitter, humid cold had held us shivering. Here the sunshine was like a caress. The sea throbbed blue against the rus-

set rocks with their garniture of aloes and prickly pear. One walked gaily up and down the steep roads free of overcoat, charmed by the distant purple headlands; Monaco's bold fortress rock; the gay villas, white-faced, profuse in ornament, and red-roofed; and tickled in thoughts at least—perhaps in pocket to boot—by the two assuming pinnacles of the Casino, like the asses' ears of human imbecility set jeeringly towards the heavens.

The old set of people, of course. Over-dressed women, tinkling with jewellery and leaving behind them in the mild, still air an asphyxiating trail of lavender or *poudre de riz*; white-haired men, spruce as generals, with the brightness of eye that appertains rather to sweet seventeen than hoary seventy; damsels fair to see, but not good to know; undergraduates from our English universities, exalted with hope or with ominously clouded faces; colonists with pockets full of money, which they are prepared to empty in their enjoyment of what they call "a little flutter;" seedy, absorbed persons who are thinking still, as they thought years ago, how on earth they could have been mad enough to play on the previous day against their luck, and so lose those precious forty or fifty francs; and amid these haunters of the tables, shrewd valetudinarians, Germans of all kinds, from the student to the bridegroom—his bride is nearly sure to be pretty—and a multitude of ladies of an uncertain age, who love the music and excitement of Monte Carlo in the season, though if you mentioned the tables they would shake their heads in sorrowful condemnation of the iniquity!

I suppose while gambling continues to be licensed here, there will be little variation in the character of its patrons.

"A bad season, monsieur!" the hotel porter had murmured to me, cap in hand, in the hotel hall.

So much the better, thought I. A bad season meant a front room looking on the water, which I knew would anon be lit by a full moon and with the tiers

of Monaco's lamps climbing the darkness like — like nothing except the modern presentment of a rocky town seen under civilized conditions after sunset.

It was even so; I could not have been more snugly or picturesquely berthed.

This settled to my entire contentment, I strolled to the Casino. The chief commissioner, or ticket distributor — to give him his more plebeian but exact title — was in an unhallowed temper when I, too, demanded admission. He pretended that my French accent was difficult for him — an absurd thing. And after that he seemed to think that he and his masters were doing me a favor in subscribing my ticket — a still more patently absurd thing. He and I, in fact, parted with bows as inimically genial as those of two diplomatists who have, metaphorically speaking, just been shaking the national fist in each other's faces.

"Faites votre jeu, monsieur!"

The old cry, here, there, and yonder; the old sounds and smells that it recalls; the chink of gold and silver; the rattle of the ball; the murmurs of mortals, and the suffocating sweetness of a hundred different perfumes on as many different skins; all mingled in the luxurious rooms that shun ventilation as they would a convocation of the world's clergy.

"I say, what a nuisance — I've got no more with me!"

I heard the words close to me. A handsome woman spoke thus to a martial-looking gentleman with white moustache, waxed, and the air of half a Mephistopheles. The gentleman professed desolation, pleaded poverty the most dire, opened his palms, smiled, and sent his attention back to the table.

The lady rustled softly elsewhere. The odds are about four to one that she tried a Briton next, and the younger the better for her chances.

At this table the number fourteen had twice occurred in four spins of the ball. You may imagine the consequences. At each end of it the gamblers struggled to put their crowns and

napoleons on the "middle dozen," or the pair, trio, quartette, or transversal including the number fourteen. This same number was also largely covered as a sole investment.

A millionaire or something of the kind had just arrived at the table. He had a bundle of one-thousand franc notes in his hand, two or three of which the table's cashier obligingly changed for him. This gave him a double handful of gold pieces; and these gold pieces he dispersed about the table with an indifference to method that evidently wrung the vitals of the *habitués* and *habituées* who trade on five-franc pieces alone. The numbers from twelve to sixteen he almost covered with his gold. As a final freak, he threw a five hundred franc note upon zero.

This venture brought the gentleman about eight hundred francs, and cost him rather more than three thousand.

"Serve him right!" said the looks of the five-franc people as plainly as could be.

But the millionaire only smiled and prepared to be more lavish than ever. Though the number thirty-three had come up instead of fourteen or any of its neighbors, he did not mean to desert these likely "teens." Again he scattered his gold; and again his losses were several fold his gains. Yet a third time he ventured. Five thousand francs were spread about the cloth. A note for a thousand francs lay upon number fourteen.

The good gentleman at any rate provided us with a little agreeable excitement.

But number three came up, which had been by him totally neglected.

Then he went his way elsewhere, no more concerned at having dropped about five hundred pounds in two minutes than you or I would be to lose a pin.

So coy a dame is Fortune, and so irritating, that she must needs the next spin bring number fourteen once more to the front. The five-franc players looked at each other. The millionaire ought not to have been so impatient.

If he had increased his stakes once more he would have made that table's bank totter.

I left the rooms to draw a full, pure breath outside. How big the trunks of the palms have grown! One may look about in the tropics a good deal and fail to find such superb specimens of tropical trees.

The vigilant gendarmes, in their bright crimson and blue, are as numerous as ever in the gardens. It is a bore that they should spoil the vistas as they do. Even as the lackeys within the Casino are forever turning their eyes about the floor, searching for dropped pieces, so here in the gardens the soldiers have an uncomfortable air of practised psychologists. They seem to be straining to read what is in your mind as you wander in these glorious green avenues, steeped in solitude though within stone's throw of the Casino. I have seen an enthusiastic German botanist followed to and fro here for minutes by a suspicious man in crimson and blue. The botanist was seedy in his attire, and as absorbed as the genius is supposed to be. He looked like one meditating about the insufficiency of life unless cheered by the luck at the tables that had not been his portion.

By the sea, on the semicircular green beneath the terrace, above which the Casino lifts high its meretricious face, they were pigeon-shooting. A hundred or two visitors were watching the sport—so it is called—chatting under parasols, laughing and jesting. When the shot was heard they looked to see if it was a kill or a miss. Perhaps the bird was hit, but not mortally. It fluttered round and round and settled on an adjacent roof. Or it was hit badly and the brisk retriever had no difficulty in fetching it to have its neck wrung as a finale. Under the stimulus of these scenes the visitors laughed, and talked, and jested, and the ladies congratulated themselves and their gowns on the regal weather.

Thence to the concert-room, at half past two in the afternoon, to stare at the wealth of carved work and gilding

everywhere; and to yawn—until the famous band began to play.

About a thousand of us were present—I write at a venture—and nine hundred or so were yawning in the first five minutes. Not from weariness of the music. That were unlikely. One does not hear such instrumentalism elsewhere. But the polluted air oppressed the lungs. I, for my part, felt a hot desire to kick off the gilded dome, and take my chance of the falling chandelier—a thing that looks tons in weight—all for the sake of a pure breath or two from outside, and a glimpse of the natural sky.

Thence back to the saloons for the interval.

An English member of Parliament interested me for a few moments. He was here with his daughter, a pretty and, I judge, excitable girl.

"Will you have a coin?" he asked her, smiling, as they stood by a trentet-quarante table.

"Y-e-s," was the reply, with a blush, as if the thought occurred that it was not quite proper.

The girl put the napoleon on the cloth nearest to her. She knew, of course, no more than Julius Cæsar what she was doing.

"Oh—it's gone!" she turned and exclaimed with a start, when the cards had settled its fate and the croupier took it to himself.

"Will you have another?" asked papa, still smiling.

"Oh, yes," said the girl.

This time there was a win.

"Let it stay," said papa, with the confident face of one who knows things.

It stayed and doubled itself twice.

"I think that ought to do for you," then observed papa, and he playfully touched the girl's chin.

The latter took her gold pieces blushing. There was an eagerness and yet wonder in her face that made one anxious. She did not seem at all to want to return to the concert-room.

From the Casino I strolled into the town, which has stretched itself largely of late.

The jewellers' windows are as attractive as ever. The diamonds therein make one blink with their brightness.

"Will not monsieur enter and make a selection. There are some charming pendants for watch-chains that monsieur may like to distribute among his friends."

So spoke a courteous lady, coming upon me from a shop.

The pendants in question mostly bore inscriptions of the amorous kind: "Think of me!" "Thine forever!" "My heart and thine!" and that sort of thing.

I made my excuses to the lady, but she insisted. It would, she said, help monsieur to kill an idle quarter of an hour, if he allowed her to have the pleasure of showing him some of the shop's pretty trifles.

I yielded and was lost.

However, it was the easiest thing in the world to console myself with the reflection that the cost of the gold trifle with the loving words upon it was less than the single napoleon I might risk—and lose—in one instant on the green cloth tables over the way.

A flower shop!

This, too, was good to see. The roses, and violets, and lilies, and camellias—in mid January! How could the temptation of sending a small box of the pretty gems—outvying the diamonds yonder—be resisted?

Then on in the day's declining sunshine by the highroad that leads, eventually, to Nice; past one white hotel after another; villas, palatial and elegant, perched on the chimney-pots of those beneath them—so it seemed—lodging-houses, pensions, shops; with the bright ripple of the Mediterranean seen away on the left, and Monaco's headland growing nearer.

As a building site these primeval cliffs and olive woods of Monte Carlo must at one time have looked difficult. But money works marvels. The red mountain of the Dog's Head will soon, one could imagine, have nothing but residences to gaze down upon betwixt itself and the sea.

Anon it is time to dress for dinner

and prepare for the pleasing conundrums of one's neighbors. The air is so mild, and the moon's beams on the water so fair to see, that I dress with the window thrown wide open. Monte Carlo's lights are only conjecturable—or rather half so—but those of Monaco furrow the southern horizon.

While I wash I hear the chink of money in the next room. Has he—or she—lost or won? Perhaps the truth will soon out.

But no. One must not expect childish confidences between strangers at these Monte Carlo dinner-tables. The silences are, rather, most eloquent—for a time.

I am cheek-by-jowl with a German having a most comfortable stomach, and with a hooked nose. The idea occurs to me that he is a money-lender. Now I know better, and apologize to his memory for the casual imputation conjecture put upon him.

Anything—even inexcusable audacity—seems better than this funereal reticence over the fish as well as the soup. I proffer a remark to my neighbor. He does not take kindly to it at first. As clear as anything, he suffers from a temper of some description. But I do not let him glide out of my hands thus easily.

And by and by I have my reward. His little local history is soon told to me, with impressive lowerings of voice.

Large, firm-natured man though he is—it is written on his features—he has come hither from the north merely for a little bout with the tables.

"I give myself a holiday and I bring with me three thousand marks (one hundred and fifty pounds), and I hope it shall last me three weeks. But I have not done well—I have not, and that's the truth. Yesterday I play from two o'clock until ten, and I lose eight hundred marks in the time."

I mention the evening hours that will succeed dinner and the possibility of better fortune awaiting him. It is a lesson in human nature's credulity to see how this strong-minded person grasps this meagre straw of hope held

out to him by a stranger. And from that time forward the gentleman's tongue requires a bridle rather than a laxative.

Afterwards the methodical stroll through the gardens with a cigar. Hundreds are in the same case, and the Casino is our common goal.

Within there is no sitting-room in the vestibule. In one corner a gaudy, painted woman is puffing at a cigarette brazenly. She exchanges nods of good-fellowship with passing mankind. Two or three are turning their pockets inside out in the crowd—reckless of making the public the confidante of their misfortunes. Some are coming from the rooms with heads erect and smiles of triumph, their hands fondly in their pockets among bank-notes and gold pieces. And to and fro between the marble pillars of the hall, as motley a host of mortals as you may see anywhere pace up and down, smoking, and chattering, and musing. A dozen or so ladies with white hair are among the crowd. Old men are still more numerous. There are maidens with bare shoulders, indifferent to the bold looks they excite and the contemptuous glances shot at them by others of their sex. A few sheepish youths are with the rest of us, directing greedy eyes towards the rooms to which their veridancy denies them the much-desired privilege of entrance.

Another concert at half past eight, with unconquerable drowsiness in its train. I fairly sleep through two of its choicer *morceaux*, and so do others.

After this one more hour's excitement and semi-suffocation at the tables suffices—for the night. I see a woman make a frenzied and tearful appeal to the croupier for money that she vows was hers though filched by another. The croupier shrugs his shoulders; he is used to such tears. Were they of the crocodilian kind? Who shall say?

I do not like the tables towards eleven o'clock, the closing time. It seemed better to see the night into its last hour seated outside, with a cooling drink and another cigar, and the lively

procession of the elated and the disappointed passing before me as on a canvas done in color.

Then home to the hotel, and the mosquito curtains, and the radiant moonlight on the water as seen from the embroidered pillow to my bed.

The man who goes to Monte Carlo to play misses the flavor of Monte Carlo. He is one of the ingredients of the dish—for the service of such outsiders as myself on this occasion.

From The Saturday Review.
DECEPTIVE DOGS.

THE spring is accountable for many things, and among them for the frequent pessimism in the autumn of those who now buy sporting dogs. For few things are more effective in making a simple shooter who never heard of his name an involuntary disciple of Schopenhauer than the autumnal exhibition afforded by the deceptive dog purchased in the fulness of the spring and of hope. Probably a spectator, too, is present—a friend the owner has of his adoption tried—up to then. But thereafter, what? for friendship, however ancient, seldom endures the solvent of wounded vanity. And that friend has listened patiently to the more or less steep stories about the new dog's price, performances, and pedigree, of which the first is, at any rate, undeniable. And then the promise of spring becomes the performance of autumn, and that way madness lies.

When the dog was bought, amid primroses and daffodils and young, newly springing crops, the accomplished dog has shown his training in finding various pairs of birds or sitting hares, has ranged, quartered, stood, and backed *secundum artem*. But then, when the golden stubble contrasts with the deep green sheets of turnip and swede, how changed the result! What, then, the new dog may do, in what varied form he may exhibit his eccentricities, shall presently be described; he shall be limned in his habit as he lives. First, however, for

the effect on the owner and his friend, to say nothing of the owner's keeper, if the latter were not consulted on the purchase, and had in his eye another one which was disregarded. It is astonishing what an amount of respectful, but latent, sarcasm a keeper's weather-beaten features may on occasion express. But the sympathetic friend who is also an expert and a critic is, indeed, the most poignant part of the exhibition. Remembering the hope and expectation of the spring, the dog's owner feels, as he looks on the lamentable disappointment of autumn, that the presence of that friend does, indeed, sour such remnant of the milk of human kindness as remains uncured in his system. Vividly does he realize that Rochefoucauld's cynical axiom is of general application. Whether civil condolence or well-suppressed amusement be most irritating is a question which must remain unanswered. Only he feels sure of one thing, that buying new dogs is, indeed, a lottery.

And whether it be that the dog often works well at a mere dress rehearsal only, or simply because his original trainer and owner is present, or whether from pure autumnal "cussedness," the fact remains that the handsome, well-bred pointer or setter of the spring frequently becomes in September, though handsome as ever, a duffer of the rankest kind. Many brilliant exceptions there are; but with these we are not concerned. The exceptions are not our theme. Happy the reader who, loving his dog and his gun, has had no similar experience! Probably not a few will chew the cud of bitter memories on reading these lines.

Your deceptive dog—perhaps of the two the setter more usually fills the part—has one characteristic, he is essentially varied in his style. There are different developments of deceit in the race, custom cannot stifle their infinite variety. As indirect causes of the most violent language and the most angry passions, they are second to none. If the owner be a philosopher as well as a shooter (though that dual

role more generally belongs to the angler), he will derive a certain grim amusement from the wide extent of the deceptive dog's achievements. Space is limited—not so the vagaries of the deceiver when real work begins, and shots are fired in earnest. We can but indicate a few leading types; they are as varied as the opinions of the supporters of the new administration, and about as contradictory. Thus, on the first brace of birds being brought down, the new dog may, with a howl of fear, fly wildly to the rear, and on being invited, first with remonstrances and then with curses, to return, take a bee-line for his kennel. Another performer takes up a more vigorous line, with a similar howl, but of exultation; he rushes at the fallen birds, and shakes them as a terrier does a rat. Shooters who are *not* philosophic have been known on such occasions to end the dog and their doubts by a cartridge. But this is a matter which is of doubtful efficacy when the price has been high. Possibly on a show-bench the culprit might return his value. Some have taken this view, which may not be moral, but has a good deal of human nature about it. Again, the deceptive dog may develop a less pronounced style of "dufferism," neither bolting to front nor rear, but slowly drawing on and with "damnable iteration" at every lark or small bird in the field. Yet again, he may from lack of nose stand at nothing, but blithely run over and flush every covey he comes across, gazing at them as they whirr away out of range, with the air of a dog who is genuinely astonished at such winged phenomena, not seldom wagging his tail, with a glance at his disgusted owner, as if expecting appreciation of his cleverness. Or he may, and often does, perform irreproachably as long as winged game is before him, until a hare canters off from her form or a rabbit jumps out of a grass clump, when, with an exultant bark, he gallops off in chase in a way which, according to general rumor, would endear him to a Continental sportsman, but which the brumous islander is too prej-

udiced to appreciate. Then do the barkings of the flying pointer or setter, the cracking of the dog-whip, the resonant imprecations of owner and keeper, and the whirring of startled birds, combine in a *mélange* of melody that makes "the coppers ring." Perhaps, again, the deceptive dog prefers a policy of masterly inactivity, and keeps stolidly at heel, or, on being urged to range in front, merely lies down, and, to use a classicism, "chucks it up."

Of the retriever as the fashionable dog of the day much might be written. A really good one, in the highest sense of the word, is rare indeed. *Nascitur non fit*. Many showy animals are inferior to an ugly mongrel of genius, which, with practice, becomes invaluable. The deceptive retriever is often of the handsomest and stateliest till the arduous work begins. Then has he many pretty little characteristics, of which, at any rate, it may be said that they are all admirable tests of philosophic patience, usually with the same result as that of the toothache. What does he do? What *doesn't* he do? Commonly he bolts off, on the gun being fired, without orders, nor checks his wild career till he has spoiled

all the chances on that part of the beat. Or he may act in precisely contrary fashion, remaining at heel till, on being urged more or less forcibly to hunt for the game, he goes off in most perfunctory fashion, and disappears in the covert, returning thence after a long interval with open mouth and lolling tongue, and a generally idiotic aspect. Or, again, he begins in workmanlike style after a running bird; but, on a rabbit crossing his path, starts off on a cheery chase, forgetting his errand, and usually runs through a coppice or two, putting up everything before he returns—if he returns at all, for he is sometimes wise enough to sneak homewards after his expedition. Then, as a variety, he may develop too much energy, may duly retrieve his bird, and, having got it, proceed to mangle it, as if he were employed as a mincing machine. Or he may retrieve very nicely up to a certain point, and then drop his bird, say, on the other side of a stream, and come contentedly empty-mouthed up to his beloved master. But, indeed, the freaks of deceptive dogs are as innumerable as the flowers that surround them when bought in spring.

A JACK-SNIPE IN THE CITY.—During the severe frost at the beginning of 1894 flocks of sea-birds left the sea-board as usual and found their way up the Thames. It is not easy to understand why the sea-birds leave the shores where the waters are rarely frozen, to resort to waters which are apt to be frozen. Mr. F. Digby Pigott, whose letters in the *Times* show him to be an intelligent observer, says that he saw cormorants, herons, pochards, widgeon, swans, ducks, and noisy geese, "many in sorts," crowding round the one black opening in the snow-covered ice in the ornamental water in St. James's Park.

Half-starved larks and finches in unusual numbers have been hanging about disconsolately, and black-headed gulls by scores, and in lesser numbers herring gulls, have come in from the river with the punctuality of beggars to the convent gate for the daily dole of fish served out by their almoner from the keeper's lodge.

But a stranger sight was witnessed on January 8, when Mr. Pigott saw a jack-snipe, caught on the previous Saturday (January 6) in the courtyard of the Bank of England.

The watchman was going his night round at about eleven, when the bird fluttered to the ground beside him. It had evidently flown against the telegraph wires, as the upper mandible was nearly cut through at the base, but was otherwise uninjured, though a breast-bone, which felt through the feathers like the back of a knife, told a tale of frozen marshes and scant provisions.

The common snipe (*Scolopax gallina*) has been not unfrequently noticed in one or other of the parks. We are not aware of any earlier record of the smaller and less "common" jack-snipe (*Scolopax gallinula*) as a London bird.

Leisure Hour.

